

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning.  
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## UNENDING.

I see that all these things come to an end,  
The things we glory in, the things we fear;  
Annihilation's shadow still doth lend  
Its gloom to every pleasant thing and dear.  
Each heavy burden under which we bend  
Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;  
One thing alone there is which hath no end —  
There is no end to Love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,  
There is an end to laughter and to tears;  
An end to fair things that delight our eyes,  
An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;  
An end to enmity's foul libelling,  
And to the gracious praise of tender friend;  
There is an end to all but one sweet thing —  
To Love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword,  
The empire now is but like him — a name;  
That statesman spoke, and by a burning word  
Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;  
Now nought is left but ashes, and we bring  
Our homage to new men, to them we bend;  
There is an end to all but one sweet thing —  
To Love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!  
Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;  
The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass,  
Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;  
And he who hears the voice of welcoming  
Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;  
There is an end to all but one sweet thing —  
To Love there is no end.

And for ourselves — our father, where is he?  
Gone, and a memory alone remains;  
There is no refuge on a mother's knee  
For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;  
Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend  
To Death's dark house from which we shall not  
rove;

And so we cease: yet one thing hath no end —  
There is no end to Love.

All The Year Round.

## SONG.

I MADE another garden, yea,  
For my new Love;  
I left the dead rose where it lay,  
And set the new above:  
Why did the summer not begin?  
Why did my heart not haste?  
My old Love came and walked therein,  
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,  
Just as of old;  
She looked around a little while,  
And shivered at the cold;  
Her passing touch was death to all,  
Her passing look a blight;  
She made the white rose petals fall,  
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass  
Seemed like a snake  
That bit the grass and ground, alas!  
And a sad trail did make:  
She went up slowly to the gate,  
And there, just as of yore,  
She turned back at the last to wait  
And say farewell once more.

Athenaeum.

## THY WORK IS DONE.

THE sunlight sheds its glory  
About the city's ways,  
And joy and peace and gladness  
Catch life beneath its rays.  
But in a bleak, cold garret,  
What sees the noontide sun?  
One working, wan and weary,  
Her work is not yet done.

And when the shadows gather  
There, by the moon's soft light,  
She plies her task — but hearken!  
Strange voices of the night!  
They seem to whisper round her —  
"Rest thee, thy crown is won:  
Soon shalt thou rest from labor,  
Soon shall thy work be done."

And in the morn's glad sunlight  
She lay there cold and dead,  
To the great God who gave it  
Her weary soul had fled.  
She heard the angels singing  
From ways beyond the sun —  
"Come home, come home to Heaven.  
Rest thee, thy work is done!"

Once a Week.

## "ONLY WASTE-PAPER."

"ONLY waste-paper!" — for the manly hand  
That traced the lines upon the faded page  
Has long since mouldered, on that foreign shore  
Whereon 'twas cast by ocean's furious rage.

"Only waste-paper?" — yet the father's heart  
Poured out its love upon the surface clear,  
And from the far-off shore of India, sent  
Affection's message to his children here.

"Only waste-paper?" — though the mother's  
tears  
Have rained upon the once pure snowy sheet,  
As, thinking of the loved but absent one,  
She wearied, counting Time's slow, laggard  
beat.

"Only waste-paper?" — for dreary, dreary  
moments —  
As sped this letter o'er the ocean's foam,  
How prayed for, by the sailor's anxious wife,  
The gladsome tidings: "On our passage  
home."

Chambers' Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE AND  
SURGERY.\*

A RETROSPECT of half a century in any art or science, in these days of rapid advance, gives us a striking indication of the rate at which it is progressing, and the life that is in it. Whilst, however, the gain may be patent enough to the initiated, the public, lacking any special knowledge of the sealed arts such as Medicine and Surgery, of which we are about to treat, although profiting by the general advance, can only estimate its progress generally. It is our purpose in the following article to point out, step by step, the triumphs of the curative art during the memory of living men, indeed, during the active professional life of many of the present workers, in the great art of saving human life and of alleviating suffering.

It cannot be denied that as regards medicine, previous to that date, our methods of inquiry into the nature and progress of disease were very limited and defective. The physician, who had to deal with organs concealed from the observation of the senses, groped, comparatively speaking, in the dark. Our wonder is, indeed, that treating maladies empirically, as they were obliged to do, they succeeded in even ameliorating diseased conditions, much less in repairing or curing them, as we know they occasionally did. Experience, unless it is founded on exact knowledge, where such a delicate machine as the human frame is concerned, is indeed of but little avail; and what intimate knowledge, we may ask, had our fathers of the minute structure of the human frame? or, what aids had they

to help them in diagnosing the condition of a part when in a state of disease? Ask an engineer to give an explanation of the defective working of some complicated machine, placed in some closed and impervious cavity, and you ask the same seemingly unanswerable question that was put to the physician of the past century touching the human machine, a thousand times more delicate and complicated than anything that has been framed by human hands. Behind the chest and abdominal walls lay the whole mystery of life, with whose faulty working our fathers could do little more than guess at; for wanting the special arms of precision, with which we are now furnished, they could only work blindly in the dark, and get at the truth by *post-mortem* knowledge. Let us imagine the modern physician deprived of the tools he familiarly uses to diagnose the conditions of a part — the stethoscope, for instance. How utterly lost he would be: the heart and the lungs, the organs by which our breath and blood circulate, would be to him as a closed book. All the delicate gradations of sound, by which he knows as clearly as though he saw with his eyes the exact departure of these organs from their normal condition and from their healthy functions, would be to him as though they had never existed. The surgeon equally was at a loss to discriminate the nature of pulsating tumours, and the condition of disease in arteries. The laryngoscope, again, enables the eye to penetrate down the larynx, and by the speculum insight is given into the uterus. By the still more wonderful aid to science given by the ophthalmoscope, we may be said to enter the very brain, and see, as it were on an index, the condition of the cerebral nerves and outer cranial circulation.

An entrance is gained in many directions into what to our forefathers must have appeared the impregnable citadel of the body. The enormous gain to the study of disease we have thereby acquired it is impossible to estimate. New instruments are leading to new trains of thought. They are teaching us how vain are many old remedies and forms of practice, a negative gain humanity should be

\* 1. *A System of Surgery, Theoretical and Practical, in Treatises.* By various Authors. Edited by T. HOLMES, M.A. Cantab., Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at St. George's Hospital, Memb. Corresp. de la Société de Chirurgie de Paris, with Illustrations. Second edition. In five volumes. London: 1870.

2. *Diseases of the Ovaries; their Diagnosis and Treatment.* By T. SPENCER WELLS, F.R.C.S. London: 1872.

3. *Lectures on the progress of Anatomy and Surgery during the present Century.* By Sir W. FERGUSON, Bart., F.R.S. London: 1867.

4. *Anæsthesia, Hospitalism, and other Papers.* By Sir J. G. SIMPSON, Bart. Edited by Sir W. B. SIMPSON, Bart. Edinburgh: 1871.

5. *Bleeding and Change of Type in Disease.* By Dr. ORLANDO MARKHAM. London: 1866.

thankful for. They are opening up new visions of the truth of which we formerly had no glimpse, and they are preparing the way to decisive triumphs, on the verge of which we may now be said to hang. If, however, we may congratulate the present age on these mechanical helps to scientific inquiry, we must not forget that they are but the necessary outcome of a previous growing knowledge. The time was ripe for them. Theoretical truths demanded to be verified by practical proof, which by slow degrees is being laid before us.

Neither must we forget to pay a just tribute to another instrument which supplies the very groundwork for all our just ideas of the ultimate anatomy and knowledge of the functions of the different organs of the human body—the microscope. By the aid of this wondrous instrument the oxyhydrogen light records permanently, by means of photography, a whole world of facts of which we only formerly caught transient glimpses. The marvellously delicate organization hereby opened up to the physiologist only fills him with deeper wonder than ever at the delicate machinery by which life is carried on, and warns him of the rough handling nature has to fight against in the proceedings of practitioners of our yet imperfect art.

To recur, however, to the more practical portion of our subject, and dealing first with the surgical art, we may broadly state that its triumphs during the last half century may be said to be three—the use of Anæsthetics, Lithotritry, and Ovariectomy. But, although these may be said to be the leading points, yet we cannot coocelel from ourselves that what are termed the minor points of surgery, which make little show, possibly confer by their wide-spread operations a still greater blessing upon humanity than the greater operations; but we shall have ample occasion to refer to these hereafter.

We shall refer

1st. To the use of anæsthetics in the performance of surgical operations, whilst the patient is unconscious, or insensible to pain.

2ndly. To the invention of instruments by which a stone in the blad-

der may be crushed and washed away in fragments, instead of being cut out of the bladder whole.

3rdly. The removal of diseased ovaria.

To the late Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, is undoubtedly due the merit of having first introduced chloroform at Edinburgh as an anæsthetic agent. As early as 1831 its composition was made known by Sonkeren, and the next year by Liebig, but by these chemists the investigation was merely made as a part of scientific inquiry. The re-discovery by Simpson in 1847 was, however, entirely independent of these previous investigations, and its use as an anæsthetic was entirely due to the discrimination of our accomplished townsman.

It may be said that there is no such thing as a perfectly new invention, a discovery coming fresh at once from the brain like Minerva from the brain of Jove. There are always some antecedent movement in the same direction, some play about the central idea before the final step is taken, and this was the case with chloroform. As early as 1800 Sir Humphrey Davy suggested the use of nitrous oxide gas, and indeed it was used in dental surgery by Dr. Evans, in Paris, and by Dr. Horace Wells, in Halifax, United States, in 1844. Sulphuric ether was also employed in Boston in 1846; but these agents were either so disagreeable in their odour, or so inapplicable to the major operations in surgery, owing to their want of persistency, that they had no chance of establishing themselves as permanent agents in the annihilation of human suffering, either whilst under the influence of the operating knife, or during the agony of ordinary disease. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the perfect quiescence of the patient whilst under any of the great surgical operations is a matter of the utmost importance, not only to the operator, but to the patient. The very fright and terror induced by the sight of the knife, and the anticipation of the coming trial, is sufficient to depress to an alarming degree persons of a highly nervous temperament, and especially those in whom any heart affection renders the possibility of shock highly



dangerous. It is well known that pain and terror prolonged for any length of time is sufficient to cause death, independently of any ill effect from the operation. Instances are indeed common in the books, in which patients have died on the operating-table, before the knife has been used, from the terrible effect of shock. Even in the natural operation of parturition, when complications or obstructions have ensued which require the aid of instruments, death is not by any means an infrequent result of the exhaustion produced by the strain upon the vital powers; and it was to obviate these mischances that Sir James Simpson first introduced this powerful agent in ameliorating the pangs of labour.

Like every new art when first introduced, it was met by some of the profession with mistrust. The world had gone on, they said, for thousands of years without any interference with the physiological pains of labour; not only were they harmless, but necessary as a safeguard for the mother. In this instance, indeed, not only a certain portion of the medical profession set their faces against the employment of the new agent, but the clergy denounced it as a wicked interference with a divine decree: "To the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." This sentence was quoted as a spiritual injunction, which at once set the fiat of the Almighty against the supposed unnatural interference with His will. We are all too familiar with similar outcries of the ignorant made against the discovery of Jenner in the last century, and which are still repeated to this day by the "peculiar people," who, under the influence of a crass fanaticism, suffer fine and imprisonment rather than submit to the law, which, in the interest of the individual as well as of the community, makes vaccination compulsory. The best answer to these absurd objections is to be found in the fact that chloroform has now been used in thousands of instances in relieving the pangs of maternity, not only without any evil effect, but to the relief of many of the ill consequences which follow prolonged labour-pains. In fact, anæsthenization in midwifery is now the rule, instead of the

exception. The extreme agony which the parturient woman has hitherto looked upon as inseparable to her condition is now by the aid of art wholly abolished. In different surgical operations where time is required in dissecting away diseased parts, the gain to the surgeon is of equal importance as to the patient. We may safely say that many operations are now possible that would not have been attempted before anæsthesia were employed. The requisite stillness and equanimity necessary for the performance of delicate and tedious operations, without their aid, could not have been obtained. For instance, excision of the jaw, of the scapula, and the shoulder-joint, would have entailed too much prolonged suffering to have justified any surgeon in such operations. Thus the discovery of the new agent may be justly debited with new methods of operations, especially in that new but beneficent art, so justly named by Sir William Fergusson — its principal originator — as *Conservative Surgery*.

But the use of chloroform has its drawbacks, and is in a measure supplanted by other and more eligible sister compounds, such as methylene. The public is indebted to Dr. Richardson for the introduction of this anæsthetic agent, which has been used by Mr. Wells, distinguished for his skill and success in the operation known as ovariectomy, nearly three hundred times.

The second great operation of the past half-century must be deemed the brilliant one of lithotripsy. Fifty years ago, upon the discovery of the presence of a stone in the bladder, the time-honoured operation of lithotomy, or of opening the bladder and withdrawing the stone whole, was the only method of cure for a most painful and, if neglected, mortal disease. About forty years ago the attention of surgeons in this country was drawn by Heurteloup and Costello to the simple expedient of crushing the stone by means of a peculiar instrument passed into the bladder, seizing with its forceps-like teeth and crushing the stone, sweeping out the larger particles with a scoop, and washing away the finer dust by means of an injected stream of water. The operation was so simple, as compared with the formidable application

of the knife applied to such a sensitive organ as the bladder, that the very dignity of surgery seemed lowered by its introduction.

The fight between the lithotritists and the lithotomists became exceedingly lively, and in the clash of opinions the truth itself became clouded. Now, however, that time has cooled the heat of the partisans, and the races of lithotomists who prided themselves on their manipulative power has passed away, and that Weiss has so greatly improved the crushing instrument, the great merits of the new operation have been finally accepted, and in no case would a surgeon propose the operation with a knife where the lithotritite could effect his purpose. It is true the operation for crushing is no longer considered so simple and harmless a procedure as at first; but the records of the two operations by the same hand show such a preponderating mortality from the use of the knife, that there is no longer any doubt as to the great gain that has accrued to surgery by the introduction of the modern mechanical process.

Sir William Fergusson, in giving his experience of the two operations, says:—

"I have personally treated 271 cases—162 by lithotomy, and 109 by lithotrity . . . of these 271, I have lost 47; and that shows a mortality of something more than one in seven—not a bad average as operations for stone go; but lithotrity cases included, I consider it low indeed. And I have now to state that which I look upon as of high interest in the modern history of surgery. Of these 271 cases, 219 were adults; 110 have been treated by lithotomy, and of that number 33 have died; 109 have been treated by lithotrity, and of that number 12 have died!"

The advantage shown by these figures in favour of the crushing process is significant enough, but some manipulators may have given even a higher proportion of successful cases. Sir Henry Thompson, whose skill in this operation has become so notorious, could, we fancy, give more favourable evidence of the modern operation than the Sergeant Surgeon; but the evidence of one hand is of immense advantage, as it leaves no loophole for the argument that the advantage was due to especial skill. The question of the advisability of the use of an anæsthetic during this operation has been much discussed; but we much question if lithotrity would have attained to its present success in the absence of the pain-destroying agent, considering the extreme sensibility of the part involved, and the necessity for quietude thereby necessitated.

By its aid the merits of the operation, when seen at its best, afford one of the greatest triumphs of the surgeon's art. It is, however, just possible that a still less painful operation may be the boast of the coming surgeon. It has been proposed by Dr. Bence Jones to dissolve certain kinds of soluble stones by means of an electric current conducted into the bladder; and among the wonders performed by this new servant of man we should be by no means surprised to find it performing this operation in a perfectly painless manner.

The operation of ovariectomy, which may be considered one of the most heroic operations now performed, must be looked upon, like many others we have to mention, as only a re-discovery of an old method of cure under better auspices; and in more intelligent hands. Until within these last fifteen years, the desperate nature of the wound made—really the Cæsarian operation, as regards the magnitude of the incision required—caused it to be virtually set aside by surgeons as unjustifiable, in consequence of the impossibility in many instances of successfully carrying it through after the incision had been made, and upon the high mortality attending its performance, even in the cases most favourable to the operation. In 1838 Mr. Lawrence denounced attempts to treat diseased ovaries by surgical operation "as dangerous to the character of the profession;" and the review of which Sir John Forbes was the editor said that "when ever an operation so fearful in its nature was performed a fundamental principle of medical morality was outraged."

It was under these discouraging circumstances, therefore, that Mr. Spencer Wells began to perform the operation in 1858. At that time it had only been performed once successfully in any of our large metropolitan hospitals; and no case of complete success had ever occurred in Scotland. Yet now Mr. Spencer Wells' operations amount to more than 500; the mortality among the whole of the private cases is 24·23 per cent., though in a series of 100 cases it was only 14 per cent., and the mortality on total of Samaritan Hospital cases is 26·66 per cent. Dr. Keith of Edinburgh has been equally successful; and Dr. Tyler Smith, Dr. Bird, and others have performed equally good service, and done their part in adding to the stores of our knowledge. The operation is now of frequent occurrence, and is recognized as perfectly legitimate. The remedy, it must be remembered, was imperatively de-

manded by the hopelessness of the disease, which gave rise to a dropsy which rendered the patient's life miserable, and which inevitably proved fatal. The temporary relief yielded by tapping could never be repeated many times, and these at short intervals, and then death closed the scene, often in young women just entering upon life. The boldness of the surgeon who revived the operation was only justified by his success. He may well be proud of the fact that hundreds of women, through his hand, have been saved from inevitable death, have recovered excellent health, and have borne children. Continental surgeons have been much struck by the admirable skill of the operator; and the compliment paid to him by Mr. Stromeyer, the German surgeon, in a lecture delivered in St. Thomas's Hospital only the other day, that "Mr. Spencer Wells really, in this operation, had surpassed all living surgeons," was only deserved.

It has long disparagingly been said that amputation is the opprobrium of surgery, and the removal of a large portion of the frame on account of some disease or injury to the joint seems to justify the expression. Sir Charles Bell has written a charming essay upon the human hand, that most delicate and beautiful of all instruments. Sir William Fergusson justly descants upon the perfection of the human foot and ankle-joint, with regard to the perfect adaptability of their mechanism to the part they have to play in the human machine. Yet by the old method of procedure these perfect instruments were both ruthlessly and needlessly destroyed wherever there was a failure of the joint; that is, the infinitely superior portion of the human machine was sacrificed to what by comparison may be termed a coarse hinge. This wanton waste of so important a portion of the frame had, however, long struck an original mind. In the latter portion of the last century, when a vigorous flash of originality seemed to light up the annals of surgery, Park, of the Liverpool Hospital, may be said to have accomplished the first act of conservative surgery. His patient (a sailor, to whom the loss of a foot and leg would have been tantamount to the loss of his means of getting bread) determined him to make the experiment of simply excising the diseased part, the knee-joint, and retaining the foot and leg. This he did so successfully that, to use his own words, the patient, several years after the operation, "made several voyages to sea, in which he was able to go aloft with

considerable agility, and to perform all the duties of a seaman; that he was twice shipwrecked, and suffered great hardships, without feeling any further complaint in that limb." This was a crucial test of success that should have stamped the operation as one of the greatest surgical triumphs of the time; but, like so many other great strides taken in that age of extreme vivification, it was in advance of its fellows, and was destined to be arrested for the better part of another half-century. Whilst the Liverpool surgeon thus showed the way to the preservation of the foot and leg, Moreau, in Paris, in 1797, following his inspiration, retained the arm and hand by simply excising the elbow-joint. These two splendid operations, which should have immortalized their originators, fell unheeded upon the profession, both at home and abroad. We can only account for this by supposing that the tremendous strain upon the human mind at this time, and indeed far over the threshold of the nineteenth century, caused a reaction in progressive surgery, as, indeed, we know it did in operative surgery in this country. Be that as it may, the operation has only been revived during the last twenty years, but is now fairly established. The elbow-joint section is now a matter of daily occurrence, but the knee-joint operation owes its striking success to our provincial surgeons. The success of Mr. Jones of Jersey, who has operated on a large number of cases with a percentage of cures far exceeding those in thigh amputations; the like success of Professor Humphrey of Cambridge, Mr. Pemberton of Birmingham, and Mr. William Clarke of Bristol, prove that the failures of the metropolitan hospital surgeons in excision of the knee-joint are due to causes with which the dangers of the operation have nothing to do, and which we shall explain presently.

The conservative tendency in the professional mind in the metropolis for many years opposed a passive resistance to the knee-joint operation, which was strengthened, no doubt, by the many failures which occurred—not through the want of skill of the London surgeons, where, of course, the pick of the profession are to be found, but to the foul air of the hospital wards, which undid all that the most brilliant manipulative skill could accomplish. But against this resistance the splendid results in the provinces at length prevailed. It has been argued that at best the patient has a stiff joint; but then it must be remembered that the limb, though stiff, is

yet of flesh and blood, only so slightly shortened that a thick-soled boot or shoe makes up the difference. The foot and hand, with their infinite adaptability to human wants and necessities, remain intact. What an enormous gain this to the old method of amputation, which threw us back upon the bungling resources of art! We have little doubt ourselves that that miserable apology for the human extremity which those who suffer amputation are forced to submit to—the “Chelsea Pensioner,” as the bucket and stump apparatus is termed—will become a curiosity, as far as the civil portion of the population is concerned; and that that hideous hook, which the old surgeons’ handiwork needlessly necessitated as a substitute for the ever mobile and delicate articulations of the hand and wrist-joint, will day by day become a thing of the past. Amputations of the leg and arm in war must, of course, be made, as there is no time nor opportunity for delicate surgery on the field of battle; but in the future, conservative surgery will without doubt save, in civil life, an enormous number of limbs that have been hitherto sacrificed.

The extraction of large diseased bones such as the scapula, or shoulder-blade, is another operation in surgery by which amputation at the shoulder-joint is obviated. This operation was performed in 1858 by Mr. Jones of Jersey. By means of this conservative operation, instead of a short stump the arm still remains, and is capable of motion, whilst the deformity is, comparatively speaking, slight.

In what might be considered the minor operations of surgery, the progress that has been made within the last half-century is very marked indeed. The resources of the surgeon in repairing the congenital failures of nature, and the accidents to which flesh is heir to, are worthy of special notice. What malformation more disfiguring to the child than the hare-lip? Yet this deformity is now cured by simply paring the edges of the cleft, and bringing the raw edges together, with suture or spring truss, and nature speedily heals the wound. In cleft palate, the paring knife and a few stitches at once remedy deformity and change the voice and restore perfect articulation. Obliquity of vision formerly was deemed incurable; and when we think of the number of people that used to go on squinting through the whole term of their natural lives, the brilliancy of Dieffenbach’s\* operation for

its cure may be estimated. By the simple division of the internal rectus inside of the eye, strabismus as if by magic is cured. Club-foot is treated now on a similar principle. The squint of the foot, if we may so term it, is caused by the extreme tension of a tendon the cutting of which sets the foot straight. Stromeyer, who first performed the operation, thereby initiated a new method of surgery. By means of a sharp narrow-bladed knife, he makes a subcutaneous incision, by which the muscle is divided without exposing the wound to the air. This practice is of course available in numerous operations which go under the name of the subcutaneous incision. The very objectionable departure of the eye and the foot from their normal symmetrical position was thus at a stroke as it were set right by the almost dramatic application of the surgeon’s knife. But a whole world of operations have been opened up, especially upon children suffering from contortion of limbs, either from congenital disease or from serofulous affections, through this simple invention of the division of tendons. Poor wasters of humanity, tied up in knots without power of motion and utterly helpless, are daily transformed into passable specimens of men, capable of taking a part in the games of their fellows, and of doing in after life their share of the world’s work.

Indeed, the human face and frame is no longer condemned as of old to pass through life with congenital deformities, neither are the blemishes that arise in after life from accident or disease permitted to remain unrepaired. The well-known advertisement of Madame Rachael “made beautiful for ever,” is a mere piece of profitable clap-trap; but what her cosmetics and washes failed to perform, those cunning in skin diseases accomplish every day, and in more serious deformities the surgeon’s knife with a few intelligent cuts puts to rights. For instance, with the exception of some deformity of the eyes, there is nothing more blemishing to the human face divine than tumours of the jaw. To say that all normal expression is lost where they occur, is but a method of stating the case mildly. The repulsive character they give to the face, independently of the terrible discomfort they inflict upon the poor patient, is sufficient to

this German surgeon, but it is as well for Englishmen to know that as early as 1823 Sir C. Bell performed the operation on a monkey successfully; it is really, therefore, the discovery of this great anatomist.

\* This operation is now known by the name of

make life a burden to him. But the knife of the surgeon speedily sets matters right. The huge excrescences which thirty or forty years ago obliterated every feature, are now no longer seen. Tumours of a malignant growth on the face generally arise from some disease of the jawbones, and it was the practice of the early operators in removing this deformity to cut away the greater portion of these bones. With his mallet and chisel the surgeon set to work removing the diseased part, to speak roughly, just as a sculptor would correct deformity in his rough statue. In these operations performed some fifty years ago, more of the bony frame-work was removed than in the opinion of the modern surgeons was necessary. According to Sir William Fergusson, only so much bone as is clearly diseased is removed. Here conservative surgery is truly applied, and the same effects are produced with far better expression. In these painful and tedious operations, in which such delicate surgery is involved, necessitating very careful dissections, the use of chloroform is of the highest importance; without the perfect quiet thereby induced, the removal of the diseased part, and the restitution of the face to its original delicate lines, would be impossible of accomplishment.

Whilst we are considering the means surgeons of late years have adopted for the obliteration of blemishes, we must not omit to mention the singular operation of skin-grafting, originated by M. Reverdin of Paris in 1869. We are all aware of the frightful scars, seams, and contortions which follow upon the healing of ulcers involving sometimes a large breadth of the epidermis, even when ultimately they repair themselves. The contractions which take place after severe burns often contort the limbs, and when the face is involved eliminate every element of grace and beauty it may have originally possessed. When nature refuses to heal such wounds, the effect upon the constitution is very depressing, often indeed causing death. An operation which at once repairs the blemish and re-establishes the health must be looked upon as one of the most useful and beneficent triumphs of minor surgery. As early as 1804 the experiment was tried by the Italian physician, Boromeo, of transplanting skin from one portion of a sheep's body to another, and the experiment was a success; but for some inexplicable reason it bore no fruit, and it was not until Reverdin conceived the idea that it passed into the domain of surgery. The difference between the original operation and that of the French sur-

geon may possibly have been the reason why it was not immediately fruitful. Boromeo transplanted a large flap of skin (just as a gardener would transplant a sod) from one place to another, an operation which was both painful and involved the making of one sore place to cure another. Reverdin, with a superior physiological instinct, merely transplanted small portions of epidermis, say a quarter of a square inch, or even less, on the raw surface, at about an inch and a half apart. These speedily took root, and spread from their centre, until these different little islands of skin met and made a continuous surface. The idea was first introduced into this country by Mr. G. D. Pollock, of St. George's Hospital, who has treated several cases by this method with admirable results. The only conditions necessary for success are that the skin shall be taken from a healthy person, and that it is placed upon a healthy granulating sore. By this method he has treated a large sore eighteen inches in length, and in a few months a healthy skin has been produced. When cicatrizations (as in this case) have contracted limbs, they are straightened by extension, and by this means a permanent sore and a great deformity and lameness are removed.

Sir William Fergusson has stated in one of his lectures that surgical revivals are rarely attended with success (an assertion which we think is not borne out by the facts), and immediately gives an instance in which one at least has proved an important success of the day, — to wit, the treatment of aneurism by compression. We may here re-state what we have before asserted, that there is scarcely an operation that marks the great advance of surgery within these last fifty years that had not been tried in the previous half-century, tried and even succeeded, but, we suppose for want of favourable circumstances, passed out of the minds of practical men. Long since compression was used by Guettani and others; its renewal some thirty years ago by Dr. Hutton, of Dublin, may therefore be considered a mere revival, but practically it was a rediscovery. The success of his practice at once set the English surgeons upon the same track, and ligature of the artery is now no longer used where pressure sufficient to arrest the flow of blood into the aneurismal sac can be applied. Of late years even the method of pressure has been simplified. The application of an instrument is often injurious and painful, and only very lately the simple pressure of the finger continued two or three days, by means of relays of students,



has succeeded in entirely arresting the flow of blood to the aneurismal sac, causing thereby coagulation and consolidation. The method of placing a ligature upon the artery necessitated a surgical operation often of a difficult and dangerous nature, and formed one of the most striking operations of our great surgeons, the great Hunter included. Digital pressure, in accomplishing the same purpose, seems so simple and commonplace that the dignity of the operation would appear to suffer thereby; but this is altogether a mistaken idea. The surgeon who accomplishes his end by the most sparing use of the knife, or without its application altogether, is the true hero of his profession, and the greatest benefactor to humanity. As a still later example of what may be done by a simple method we must refer to the very ingenious method adopted in 1869, in a case of popliteal aneurism situated beneath the bend of the knee-joint, by Mr. Ernest Hart. By simply flexing the knee and keeping it bent for two or three days, he effectually retarded the flow of blood in the sac, and made a perfect cure. This method has been adopted in nearly fifty similar cases by different surgeons since its first introduction, and it may well be considered a perfect triumph of conservative surgery. It is true that this method of treatment is only applicable to arteries situated in the inward bend of joints, but for these it must supersede the old method. The fact that it can be accomplished without keeping the patient in bed is in itself not the least of its merits. In this, among others, the graver operations are receding into the minor. Again, in hydroceles and serous cysts, instead of incisions and setons being employed, injections are now found to answer the purpose perfectly. In compound fracture of the extremities and accidents to the skull, the active measures of the surgeon are now less than formerly required. Scrofulous bones are now treated by rest, diet, and cod-liver oil, instead of by amputation, issues, &c. On the other hand, many diseases once considered purely medical have been transferred to the surgeon. Ovarian dropsy, which not many years since ran its course hopelessly in the hand of the physician, is now cured in half an hour's operation by the surgeon's knife.

In cases where amputation is required great improvements have taken place of late years. The great desideratum in such cases is the production of "a good stump." Syme, and Perigoff, the Russian surgeon, have initiated new methods for accom-

plishing this object. The old circular method of operation had the disadvantage attaching to it, that after excision the muscles contracted and exposed the bone. In foot amputations, Syme retained the natural pad of the heel, and Perigoff improved upon this operation by retaining the heel-bone. In amputations of the thigh, Sir W. Fergusson's oval operation, and the flap operation, afford ample material for thoroughly covering the bone and closing up the wound.

Let us hope that in modern times no such mishaps will ever occur as were familiar to the elder surgeons, who in many cases on record removed limbs supposed to be diseased, and, when too late, found to their dismay that there was no local affection at all, the hysterical temperament of the patient leading him to believe, and to convince his attendant, that mere neuralgic pains were symptoms of serious injury at the joint.

Next to the improvements in surgical operation, their after treatment must be considered. The scientific accoucheur has a well-founded hatred of what he terms a "meddlesome midwifery." A meddlesome surgery is fast becoming equally obnoxious to the intelligent operator. Within these last twenty years the clear sweep that has been made of the salves, the bandages, the lotions, the strapping, and plasters used by the elder practitioners, is quite refreshing. Surgeons are beginning to put faith in the healing powers of nature—a little lint and cold water how excellent it is!

Sir William Fergusson with unmitigated contempt denounces these useless appliances in which the old school had so much faith. Referring to a patient sent to him from the country, suffering from the necrosis of a small portion of the clavicle, he says:—

"Now in this case the practitioner in charge had latterly trusted entirely to the supposed efficacy of a plaster of a waxy and resinous composition. So thick was it laid on (spread upon leather, and made to cover the clavicle, part of the arm, and scapula) that some considerable time was required, with a free use of turpentine, to clear all away, so that the part may be properly examined. It was then directly perceived that the only mischief remaining was a small bit of dead bone, which was almost as easily removed as lifting it from the table. The villanous plaster was discarded, water dressing was applied, and in a fortnight only a scar remain remained."

This was a very significant example of the value of the plaster to hide, not so



much the wound of the patient, as the ignorance of the medical attendant.

Whilst the triumphs of surgery during the last half century have been thus far undeniable, and human life, as far as the methods of performing operations are concerned, has been largely saved, and the old terrors of the knife have been absolutely annihilated, there has sprung up, we regret to say, a disease purely of man's creation, which has swept away the greater portion of the fruits of hospital surgeons' scientific advances; and were it not that we have it in our power absolutely to eliminate this new cause of mortality, we should indeed despair as to the value of our progress. The cause of the mortality we refer to is foul hospital air, the cause of more than half the deaths (to take a low average) that take place in our large metropolitan hospitals after the great operations. The investigations, instituted at the instance of Mr. Simon, the medical officer of the Privy Council, by Mr. Holmes and Dr. Bristowe, with reference to the hospitals of the United Kingdom, have brought out this deplorable fact with a distinctness, in our opinion, which is indisputable; and the independent inquiry made by the late Sir James Simpson only strengthens us in this opinion, and leaves no appeal from the conclusion that must be drawn from them, that, according to the degree in which we aggregate surgical patients under one roof, rises the mortality of those who submit to operations in them.

These inquiries, indeed, only confirm what we have for a long time known as to the fatal consequences of confining large bodies of men in a small space, even when in a state of health. Indian barracks have for a hundred years been telling us the same tale. The law has been forced to step in, and regulate the amount of air to each individual in emigrant ships, opening outwardly to the four winds of heaven; yet we go on, year by year, adding wing after wing to our old hospitals, and building gigantic new ones for the reception of sick and wounded, totally regardless of the mortality that inevitably follows the crowding even of healthy people. In surgical wards of large hospitals overcrowded with beds, we have not only the same condensation of foul air, but the tenfold more deadly addition of poisonous effluvia given off by disease, and especially by hospital fevers, such as pyæmia, erysipelas, &c., which hangs about the walls, is wafted by currents of air from ward to ward, and is carried from patient to patient

by the surgeons, students, and nurses in attendance, from those who have suffered amputations and have the fever so often following them, to those about to submit to operations which expose large wounds, and are consequently liable, in an extreme degree, to be infected by blood-poisoning. The morbid matter which hangs on the walls of hospitals can be removed by no known means of ventilation, and it has been found necessary at times to destroy them. When detached by accident the floating particles may alight where they are least expected. They may sometimes be perceived by the smell at a distance of 500 feet along the corridor of a great hospital. Of course atoms that can be smelt can be inhaled. With these facts in view, we can give full credence to the following table, which shows at a glance the increasing rate of mortality, occurring according to the size of the hospital, after the major operations in the metropolitan and provincial hospitals.

Size of Hospitals.	Death Rate.
1st Series. — In large metropolitan and British hospitals, chiefly containing from 300 to 500 beds or upwards, out of 2,089 limb amputations . . . . . 855 died, or 1 in 12·4.	
2nd Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 201 to 300 beds, out of 803 limb amputations . . . . .	228 died, or 1 in 3·55.
3rd Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 101 to 200 beds, out of 1,870 limb amputations . . . . .	301 died, or 1 in 4·4.
4th Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 26 to 100 beds, out of 761 limb amputations . . . . .	134 died, or 1 in 5·6.
5th Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing 25 beds or under, out of 143 limb amputations . . . . .	20 died, or 1 in 7·1.
6th Series. — In British private country practice, with the patients operated on in single isolated rooms, out of 2,098 limb amputations . . . . .	226 died, or 1 in 9·2.

We know that these statistics, collected by Sir James Simpson, have been disputed; but, whilst we have no reason to doubt their accuracy, there is no necessity to swear by them. The table collected by Mr. Holmes and Dr. Bristowe gave a lower death-rate; but the decline in the mortality descends equally with the number of beds; hence the fact of the deadly effect of crowding surgical wards is clearly proved by the upholders and the denouncers of large hospitals. We have a corrob-

oration of the assertion that mortality greatly increases according to the degree of crowding in Mr. Spencer Wells' statistics with reference to cases of ovariectomy. Here the mortality per cent. descends from 73.02, in five large hospitals, to 27.03 in the small Samaritan Hospital, to the insignificant figure of eleven per cent. in private practice, otherwise in cases totally isolated in their own homes from all the danger of surgical wards.

With reference to cases of ovariectomy. Mr. Wells remarks in his valuable work that—

“The place where the operation is performed ought to be healthy, and, as time is generally at our command, there can be no excuse for putting or leaving the patient in an unhealthy house or district. If she lives in a healthy part of the country and can be treated there, it would be positive cruelty to bring her to an unhealthy part of town, or to expose her to the influences of a large general hospital. Even in the same town, or in the same district of large cities, better results have been obtained in private houses and in small hospitals, where the patient occupies a room alone, than in large general hospitals, where she must share a ward with other patients, and may be subject to the influences of dissecting students. In the fourth series of one hundred cases the mortality in private practice was only 14 per cent., while in hospital it was 31 per cent.”

It may be urged—indeed, we know it is—that hospitals are maintained not only for the relief of suffering and the cure of disease, but as institutions for training future surgeons and physicians; that the larger the hospital the greater the number of operations, the more extensive the experience, and therefore the better teaching power, and the more convenient both to the teachers and pupils. This is a very plausible answer; but we question if it is well to urge it. We deny that patients' lives should be sacrificed to the best possible arrangements for the schools. We feel certain that benefactors who pour in their thousands for the enlargement of these establishments would hold their hands if they knew that their beneficence would be expended in rearing magnificent establishments perfect in every respect, but with this unfortunate drawback to their perfection, that the larger they grew the more numerous would be the deaths within their walls!

Of one thing we are convinced: the hygienic condition of these great hospitals must either be wholly revolutionized, or the performance of dangerous operations within their walls must sooner or later be

abolished. With the exception of accidents, which require immediate attention (and even these would be treated much more safely in their own homes), we see no reason why all the large hospitals should not have cottages attached to them, either in their immediate neighbourhood or within easy distance in the country by railway. St. George's Hospital has, indeed, such an establishment at Wimbledon, where all cases of ovariectomy are treated. Possibly this is only letting in the thin end of the wedge. We trust it may be so, and that the great West End hospital may have the honour of taking the lead in an inevitable reform; otherwise we cannot see why this particular operation should be made an exception to others equally dangerous.

The spread of cottage hospitals throughout the country, no doubt, will do much to modify the present unsatisfactory state of things. At present the cases that have the least chance of recovery from an operation in our foul metropolitan hospitals are agricultural labourers, now so liable to injury by reason of the increase of steam machinery in husbandry. Sending these poor fellows, after injury, to London, or some of the great provincial hospitals, for the “best advice,” is tantamount to signing their death-warrant; whereas they would stand a chance of making a good recovery, if treated in their own homes or in the cottage hospitals.

The most marked and singular change which has taken place in the practice of medicine is the utter abolition of the use of the lancet. Fifty years ago phlebotomy was universally practised in the majority of diseases, and the bleeding-shop was one of the institutions of the country, and was visited in the spring and fall of the year by the people even in good health “to be bled.” There seemed to be a popular idea abroad among the people that they could have too much of a good thing, and that they required a periodical hand at the pump to keep them from foundering. Medical men seemed to have inherited this popular delusion—at all events, their practice was founded upon no scientific data. Now that indiscriminate bleeding has utterly passed away in England we can only wonder at the astounding drain of blood that was empirically taken from the people, and speculate upon the mortality it occasioned when resorted to on improper occasions, as indeed is still the case in some other parts of Europe, especially in Italy and in Spain. In Italy a host of illustrious persons, including Cavour and

several members of the Royal Family, have fallen victims, even recently, to the use of the lancet.

Some of the records the surgeons of the last generation have left behind them only make us shudder at the blindness with which, in defiance of its evil results, the use of the lancet was persisted in. Dr. Markham, in his "Change of Type in Disease," referring to this infatuation, gives the following examples of the practice:—

"I remember (says Dr. Stokes) when I was a student of the old Meath Hospital, there was hardly a morning that some twenty or thirty infatuated creatures were not phlebotomized largely. The floor was running with blood; it was difficult to cross the floor of the prescribing-hall for fear of slipping. Patients were seen wallowing in their own blood like leeches after a salt emetic.

"Dr. Rush tells us ninety ounces were often at one sitting taken from his friend Dr. Dewes, and of course with advantage. Dr. Dewes, again, on his part, took eighty ounces from a delicate woman in puerperal convulsions; and from another young woman, under similar circumstances, 120 ounces, within five or six hours, and twenty ounces more on the next day. The patient lost her sight for a fortnight, and did not recover her health for six months; '*but do not*' (says Dr. Clutterbuck, who tells the tale to his students) '*harshly conclude that this loss of blood caused the blindness; a much more natural cause is to be found in the affection of the brain which caused the convulsions!*'"

We could go on for pages giving examples of the blood-letting mania which infected the old practitioners, and of the persistency with which they ascribed the ill effects to other than the cause they themselves were supplying. We are compelled to say that nothing in the practice of physic is so humiliating to the reasoning physician of the present day as these dreadful examples of the unwise use of the lancet. The reason given for the almost sudden abolition of this instrument is as unreasonable as the practice. It was asserted that the atmospherical conditions at the time of the first advent of cholera, in 1830, produced such an asthenic type among the population—in other words, such a state of debility, that bleeding could not be borne! As we have not again rushed into the old practice, we must conclude that this sudden advent of debility is persistent! To such miserable conclusions hap-hazard after-thoughts sometimes bring us. Not only is the lancet banished from England, but from Germany and France we hear from Dr. Stromeyer that it has disappeared. That a debilitating

influence should have simultaneously overspread Europe is so absurd, that we can only smile when we hear it put forth as the cause of a change in treatment, which, indeed, was due to the good sense of the public.

Like all sudden reforms, however, it went a little too far. There are diseases in which bleeding is undoubtedly efficacious; but although some physicians, like Dr. B. W. Richardson and Dr. Stromeyer, more independent than their contemporaries, insist upon the advisability of resorting to the lancet on certain occasions, there seems to be no probability of the profession reviving the practice generally which seems to them dead.

Among the medical discoveries of the last thirty years, the affection known as Bright's Disease may be considered as the first. This is a form of kidney disease which generally proves fatal, and the method of diagnosis is one of the triumphs of pathological chemistry, which shows itself in a very dramatic form. A very small portion of the urine placed in a test tube, by the application of a drop of nitric acid, or the mere application of heat from a spirit lamp, affords sufficient proof, in nine cases out of ten, to seal the fate of the patient. The presence of albumen is by either of these tests immediately made evident, and the constant drain of this essential element of the blood is mortal. A little coagulation of the contents of the test tube, and the physician knows that the days of the patient are numbered. The microscope, with its searching eye, again finds out death at a glance, often where it was quite unsuspected. Certain unmistakable appearances in the lens show that cancer is present in the tumour the surgeon has removed with his knife.

The greater accuracy of our diagnosis, consequent upon new instruments, which search into every cavity of the body, is day by day giving us clearer views of disease, without which our remedies are often vain, sometimes indeed prejudicial. Dropsies of the chest were often confounded together; the same may be said of those of the abdomen. The former are now known to be but the sequela of heart disease, whilst the nature of the latter can easily be discovered by the stethoscope and simple percussion.

A new instrument has only just been discovered—the diaphonoscope—by which the internal organs are made visible through the walls of the abdomen by means of very powerful lights, which render the body to a certain degree transpa-

rent, and the outlines of the abdominal viscera are thereby mapped out to the eye. It is impossible to say at present of what value this new instrument may be as a diagnostic agent. When the ophthalmoscope first came before the profession it was rejected by a leading ophthalmic surgeon as a mere "useless toy," whereas it is now recognized as of the utmost value. By its aid we can discover the condition of the cerebral circulation, and the condition of the optic nerve. Not only in diseases of the eye its value is great, but it has become a necessity for the physician in brain diseases. Epilepsy, and that terrible malady general paralysis, and even Bright's Disease, can now be diagnosed by looking into the eye with this instrument at the optic nerve, and the beautiful reticulations of the arteries which are seen on the optic side. The "useless toy" answers many questions as to what is going on in the brain, which before we could only darkly guess at.

Possibly the greatest advance that has been made in the last century is with respect to the physiology of the nervous system. To two men is due the unravelling of the action of the nervous centres—a discovery, according to Stromeyer, as great as that of the circulation of the blood. Sir C. Bell, by careful dissection of the roots of the nerves, discovered that those of motion and sensation were quite distinct; and this discovery gave rise to the still greater advance made by Dr. Marshall Hall, and the unravelling of his scheme of the reflex action of the spinal cord, by means of which he showed us how all the functions of the animal economy are performed independently of the will. Before the time of these great physiologists we were quite in the dark as to the beautiful machinery by which the functions of life were carried on, perfectly unconsciously to ourselves. We knew not why, when the light fell upon the eye the pupil contracted, and when a still greater illumination fell the eyelids closed to shut it out altogether; why the fauces grasped anything placed within its reach; or why even in sleep the hand immediately moves away any object that may be irritating the skin. The reflex action of the nervous system at once furnished a clue to many obscure pains that had been treated locally, but which might have resulted from the altogether unsuspected irritation of some internal organ. To British science alone the world has to be grateful for the unravelling of the working of the nervous system, which to our fathers was only a tangled

web, of which only the thread here and there had been caught and traced. To the two physiologists we have mentioned alone the glory belongs; and we question if even the great discoveries of Harvey and Jenner surpass the value of the clue they gave to the manner in which the nerves act upon the body.

The tools with which the medical man works have also been marvellously improved even within these ten years. We are not now alluding to the instruments by which he finds our disease, but the medicines with which he cures them. This is a matter in which the patient is directly interested. We can all remember the nauseous drugs with which we were dosed, say some thirty years ago. The woody fibres we were forced to swallow, the gritty substances we could not swallow, the powders which never could be washed out of the mouth! Not only were they dreadful in quality, but the quantity was appalling. Both the physician and the general practitioner must share the blame as regards the excess with which they were supplied. A prescription of a physician of the old school was a dispensary in itself. The countless ingredients, the action of which under the effect of the gastric secretions were often of a conflicting character, without doubt produced symptoms that puzzled him as much as the patient. The tendency in the present day is in the other direction. A wiser instinct has taught simplicity; indeed there is a growing reliance upon what we may term natural medicine, instead of mere medications. Change of air, water, and scene, the influence of the mind upon the body, now enter largely into the repertory of the physician. He is beginning to see that many curative agents are required to set his patients up in health again, inasmuch as many have been the cause of casting him down from it; and he practically admits that these agents require to act through a longer space of time. Hence extended holidays and prolonged travel, which increases the health even of the most robust.

The general practitioner, dealing with what we may term the middle class strata of the population, has been moved to a reform by another motive, which is quite as potent as the scientific one. The habit of charging his time has taken the place of the old abominable practice of simply sending in his bill for medicine supplied. It is true this great reform applies more to towns than to the country, where the medical man is obliged to act as chemist

as well as doctor; but even when he is obliged to dispense his own medicaments, the habit is growing of charging rather for his skill than for the number of bottles he crowds upon his unhappy patients. We think there can be little doubt that the practice of homœopathy has had something to do with this change. When a certain enthusiastic class of the population took up this new doctrine, and it was seen that by perfect abstinence from physic (for the infinitesimal doses given practically amounted to this), the patients, in the majority of cases, where some simple derangement of the system existed, got well; the lesson taught was twofold—in such cases the curative value of drugs was of secondary importance, and the power of the mind over the body was the primary cause of cure. Faith in the physician—what a power it is! and he who can command it may throw much of his physic to the dogs. Nevertheless faith stops short of actual bodily derangement; it will not stop an ague-fit, or cut short a fever; it will not set the lung of the consumptive patient to rights, nor give motion to the paralyzed arm. In such cases where destruction of vital parts has ensued, the mere mockery and snare of the homœopathic theory is at once apparent. And here the specific value of certain drugs discovered during the last half-century steps in to restore the balance to the orthodox practitioner. Among these may be found first and foremost cod-liver oil, that has stayed the hand of the destroyer in many a patient that would otherwise have succumbed to pulmonary disease; iodine, gallic acid, and hydrocyanic acid have proved of great value; and last, but not least, we credit the medical profession with the introduction of electricity as a most potent agent in rousing the vital powers of the system. Day by day its potency in reviving the failing nervous system is becoming more apparent. Faradization, or the passing of the constant current, is the best stimulant known in rousing the paralyzed limb, and in cases where the heart's action has stopped, the current has once more set the machine of life going again. By the hydrate of chloral, on the other hand, overaction of the nervous system is met and checked, and all the evils of opium—sickness, constipation, and headache—are avoided. But in addition to these actual additions to the agents by which the physician fights disease, we must allude to the much more effective and scientific method in which he applies them. The modern discovery of the

alkaloids, or the active medicinal principles of our vegetable *materia medica*, is very important. Instead of coarse bark that used to choke us when we were attacked with ague or weakness, science now presents us with the elegant quinine. Instead of the nauseating dose of jalap an infinitesimal portion of jalapine is far more effectual, and morphia with a drop seals up our senses, where the larger dose of opium defeated its object by refusing to remain upon the stomach. Even the mode of action of this drug has been greatly improved of late years. In cases of neuralgic pains and spasmodic agonies subcutaneous injection of the drug now acts at once effectually upon the local affection, without our having to go the roundabout way to give a cure through the system generally. Sir James Simpson has, we think, very shrewdly suggested, that the principle of rapidly affecting the whole system, on the other hand, by means of the wide-extended blood surface of the lungs, may not be far off.

“If it is ever (he says), for instance, a matter of importance, in some inflammatory or other ailments, to affect the system rapidly and fully with mercury, why may not the chemist discover some gaseous and respirable form of mercurial combination, the inhalation of which should salivate in as many hours as days are now required for the induction of that effect?”

His own discovery of chloroform has indeed shown us the potency of the lung form of administration, and why other medicaments may not be in the same way employed we do not see. As Watt said of the application of an old invention to perform some new office, it would only be employing “a knife to cut cheese that had previously cut butter.”

We cannot conclude this paper better than by alluding to the great advance made during the period we have marked out to ourselves in the treatment of Lunacy. In the last century Bedlam used to be one of the public sights to which holiday-keepers, on the payment of two-pence, were attracted, to watch the piteous objects caged and confined within their filthy dens. They went in much the same spirit as they visited the lions in the Tower, and we question whether human creatures were not considered the more dangerous of the two. The treatment of the lunatics in Bedlam at that time was rather a favourable specimen of what was considered to be the best method of curing the mentally afflicted. It makes us shudder to read the accounts of this place in the be-



ginning of the century. When Mr. Westerton and Mr. Calvert visited its wards in 1808, they found ten patients in the female gallery, each fastened by one leg or arm to the wall, with a chain so arranged that they were able to stand up at a bench; they were dressed each in a filthy blanket, thrown poncho-like over their otherwise naked bodies. This was, however, only an ordinary arrangement. When any patient was looked upon as dangerous, special arrangements were made that were still more outrageous. Poor Morris, for instance, was treated more like a wild and furious beast than a human being. Esquirol was even horrified at the spectacle, and we have no reason to believe that the treatment of lunatics in France was one bit better than in England before the time of Pinel. The following is the description of the method in which they secured this helpless individual:

"A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring, made to slide upwards and downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted in the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted. On each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to, and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his body. Thus fixed, like a crow on a wall, this poor creature was enforced to wear out his existence of more than twenty years!"

These horrors have all been swept away by greater intelligence, greater kindness to the patient, and a more just appreciation of the physical causes of mental disease. The same improvements are still going on, more especially from the removal of lunatics from the larger asylums to smaller abodes where they have the benefit of a more cheerful mode of life and better air.

"I have (says Dr. Bucknell) recommended the erection of an inexpensive building, detached from but within the grounds of the present asylum, in preference to an extension of the asylum itself. My reasons for this recommendation are, that such a building will afford a useful and important change for patients for whom a change from the wards is desirable. The system of placing patients in detached buildings, resembling in their construction and arrangements an ordinary English house, has been found to afford beneficial results in the so-called cottages which this institution at present possesses. *These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is coveted.* I am also convinced that such auxiliary buildings can be erected at a much less expense than would be incurred by the enlargement and al-

teration of the asylum itself. I propose: that in the new building the patients shall cook and wash for themselves."

If those who devise these vast establishments would only study human nature and the English character, they would not be surprised at these cottages being preferred to the tyranny of the big houses. Those who are harmless and hopelessly insane need not even the protection of the asylum walls. They are now very judiciously drafted back to their own unions, where, in the comparative freedom of the "house," they pass the last years of their lives happily, and at a diminished cost to the rates. Here, again, we can see a return to an old state of things, but with better safeguards to the good treatment of the patients than our forefathers insisted upon. There is a moral infection in asylum air, which depresses and injures the patient, as much as the fever infection injures the inmates of the surgical wards of the great hospitals. Isolation in both cases is the best treatment. Healthy minds surrounding the one are as much required as pure air for the recovery of the other.

In the colony of Ghel, in Belgium, the harmless lunatics are placed in cottages, and live the life of the people — a people trained by hereditary habit to treat them properly. Here they labour in the fields, live with their hosts, play with their children, and partake of the joys and sorrows of the household. In the village, or combination of villages, the purely medical treatment is under the control of medical inspectors. There is perfect freedom, and we question if the runaways are as numerous as from any of our large asylums. Our Commissioners are with faltering steps making advances towards this primitive state of things, which puts as few impediments as possible in the way of the recovery of the patient, and which gives the lunatic mind the surroundings and support of healthy minds — the true psychological medicine when judiciously applied.

We see with great pleasure that the Scottish Commissioners recognize the advantage of giving more freedom to the pauper patients suffering from chronic mania. When possible, they are transferred from asylums and workhouses, and sent to reside with the labouring classes in the country villages. Kennoway, in Fife, may be said to be growing into a Scottish Ghel, as the village is becoming peopled with the incurable insane. So far from the freedom of the new life acting to



their disadvantage, it has proved quite the contrary. Patients who were noisy in the asylums from which they were removed, have actually become quiet in the homes of the cottagers, and two patients, who were considered hopelessly insane, have recovered, after experiencing the mentally bracing effect of a cottager's life. We trust the example will not be lost upon the English Commissioners.

But the improved treatment of the insane has been helped on in this country by a better knowledge of the disease itself. Mind being now considered an emanation of the body taking place through the nervous system, and its derangements merely the results of nervous disease, the speciality is merged within the broad scope of medicine, and the intelligence of the whole profession is being gradually brought to bear upon it. As a necessary consequence an enormous increase of experience is the result, and the unity of bodily and mental disease and their effects one upon the other demonstrated. Dr. Maudsley, in one of his thoughtful Gulstonian lectures, has written an admirable chapter on the special psychological expression of different diseases, and has shown that "the internal organs are plainly not the agents of their special functions only; but, by reason of the intimate consent in sympathy of function, they are essentially constituents of our mental life." The heart, the lungs, the liver, and the reproductive organs, when diseased, have their voice, if we may so speak, in the varying emotions which they give rise to. The wonderful exaltation of hope which takes place in the consumptive patient, we are all familiar with. The fear and oppression which accompanies heart disease, and the depression and envious feelings which master us when subject to derangement of the liver, have long been patent to the poet as well as to the physician. To a still larger extent sex influences character, and it is in the power of the surgeon to wholly change the tone of mind of either man or woman. With

proofs like these of the solidarity of mind and matter, we need not fear that the study of psychological medicine will in future be hampered by the subtleties and words of the metaphysician, but that it will become amenable to scientific inquiry as a purely physical disease.

But whatever may be our hopes for the future, the present and the past alike show how much mankind owes to medicine and surgery. We cannot conclude without asking what has medicine received in return from the State? In France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain, honours and rewards from the nation await the men who are useful to their country. In England it is certainly most unjust that while national honours are heaped upon those who have distinguished themselves by military courage or political talent, no public recognition beyond a baronetcy is given to men who have been pre-eminently benefactors to humanity. A tardy and insufficient tribute has, it is true, been paid to the discoverer of vaccination; but there live at this moment men in the profession of medicine who have done as much to deserve public gratitude as did Dr. Jenner. There are great men who have robbed operative surgery of half its horrors by abolishing its pain, and there are those who have manfully overcome every opposition which prejudice threw in their way, and have triumphantly rescued one disease from the black list marked incurable. We believe these men are themselves sufficiently repaid by the inward consciousness of having been permanently useful to their fellow-men, and of having added to the sum of human knowledge. But for the sake of others, and especially for the sake of those still hesitating as to the profession which they will embrace, it is extremely desirable that some tangible evidence should be given that the nation appreciates the sacrifices daily and hourly made by those who devote their energies and their talents to the promotion of its physical well-being.

From the *British Medical Journal* we learn that at the last examination in anatomy held at the University of Berlin, two candidates alone, amongst the thirteen who presented themselves, obtained the notice "good." One of these was a Japanese medical student called Sasumi Satoo. The intellectual labour and the amount of perseverance necessary to gain this success will be appreciated when it is known that in November 1869, the time when Sasumi Satoo was sent by

his father to Berlin, he did not even know the German characters. The first five months he applied himself exclusively to the study of German, and he acquired in the remaining six months the knowledge of all the subjects, including Latin, which were required for the first examination. The father of Sasumi is the principal physician to the Mikado, and enjoys in Japan great celebrity as an operator.

## HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF FRITZ REUTER.

DÜRTEH HOLZEN, safe in her own room, sat down on a hard stool, put her apron to her eyes, and began to weep bitterly. "Yes, yes," said she, "I meant well, I truly meant well! I was so pleased, this morning, to think that I could give him a pleasure, that I had the cabbage to set before him, and now! Oh, yes, he has eaten the cabbage, but the cushion? There it lies, out on the porch, in the snow. What was the innocent cushion to blame for? Oh, you may lie there and welcome!" and she wept more violently, and sobbed as if her heart would break. "I took so much pains to make it look nicely, and I had a little tassel at each corner, — Stining herself said it was very pretty, and now it must lie in the dirt. No!" she cried suddenly, springing up, "why should the cushion be spoiled, because he is an old savage?" And with that she went out to the porch and brought the cushion in. "No, if I let it lie there, it would be out of spite, and why should I be spiteful, when it is not my fault? He never thanked me, he did not sit on it, he has not even tried how comfortable it is. Eh, when the old Mamsell sent her cake to him, he tried it, and then he must go over to thank her, and then go walking with her on the wall. Oh, we shall soon have her here! But if he will not take the benefit of it, why should I not enjoy it myself?" And she dried her tears, and she put the cushion on her hard stool and sat down on it in great indignation, and sat as stiffly as if she were on the beheading-stool, and the executioner had told her to hold up her head well, that he might despatch her more easily. But, by degrees, her head drooped, and her anger died out, and at last she started up, crying: "Oh, how low have I fallen! These are lies, lies, that I have been telling myself! Dürten, Dürten, bethink yourself! Did you make the cushion merely for the Herr Conrector's convenience? Was it not for your own pitiful profit? Was it not to prevent the velvet breeches wearing out?"

The Herr Conrector, meanwhile, as Dürten was tormenting and accusing herself, had taken a very comfortable little nap, had twice yawned aloud, and now began to think of coffee. The thought of coffee suggested Dürten, and from Dürten he went back to the pattern and the cushion. In connection with the cushion, it occurred to him that he had been very angry about it, and that Dürten had complained of a

weight on her breast. His conscience began to smite him for having spoken to her so crossly when she had certainly meant well, and had also taken such pains to cook him the cabbage. But he would make it all right again, and would himself take her a little glass of bitters.

As he entered the door, Dürten had again retreated behind her apron, in deep penitence over her own baseness.

"Dürten," said the Herr Conrector.

No reply.

"Dürten," he began again, "I was angry, and I was not just to you."

"Herr, I have been unjust myself," sobbed Dürten behind her apron.

"Dürten, I have brought you a little bitters."

"I have bitterness enough in my own heart."

"Dürten, let it all go. Forgive and forget. I know you meant well;" and he tried to pull away the apron from her face with one hand, while the other held the glass of bitters.

"No, Herr," cried Dürten, "I do not deserve it;" and she looked up at him with tearful eyes. "Oh, Herr, I am a wicked creature. I made the old cushion, — I wanted, — I only thought, —"

"What did you think?" said he, gently.

"I only, — I wanted to save the breeches from wearing out." And with that she began to cry bitterly again, and threw the apron over her face for shame.

This uprightness touched the Herr Conrector greatly.

"You are the honestest girl in the world," said he, and again tried to pull away the apron; but he could not do it with one hand, there was no table standing near enough to set the glass on, so he drank up the bitters himself, that he might not spill them, threw his arm around the good old maiden, raised her from the stool, stroked back the hair from her eyes with the other hand, and kissed her twice on the forehead.

As soon as he had done it, Dürten was frightened, let the apron fall, and looked at the Herr Conrector in a terrified way; the Herr Conrector was also frightened, and looked anxiously at Dürten. So they stood looking at each other, like a couple of children, who have been eating cherries out of a plate which they had been forbidden to touch, and now discover with terror that the plate is half empty.

Dürten was the first to recover herself. She pointed to the cushion, and said:

"There it lies, — will you have it now?"

"No, Dürten, I cannot have it in the

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school-room. It does very well where it is at present. But will you not take some bitters?"

"No, thank you, I feel better now."

The Herr Conrector went away, but looked back to say:

"Dürten, you may be sure, I will be as careful as possible of the breeches."

With that he retired to his study, but was still considerably agitated.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "she is honest through and through. She made it for the breeches, she said, not for my sake. Would I have been as honest under the circumstances? Cantor Aepinus, Conrector Aepinus, I believe you would have been in the wrong! And, indeed, you are in the wrong now. I am ashamed of you, Conrector Aepinus, kissing your house-keeper! Though it was only on the forehead, and done in all kindness and honesty; kissing is kissing, — nobody kisses another out of pure malice, unless he be a Judas. What would Hofrath Altmann say, if he knew it?"

He walked up and down, and rubbed his head. "The confounded cushion has led to a regular kissing! \* I, Conrector Aepinus, the old Conrector Aepinus, playing a trick like a Leipsic student! How shall I sustain my honor and dignity as a servant of the public and master of a house, after what has happened?"

The clock struck two, he gathered up his books, and went thoughtfully out of the door.

Just then he was met by his brother-in-law Kunst's Karl.

"Herr Kunst's compliments, and he sends this."

"What?"

"This letter."

"Very well," said the Herr Conrector, and read the address: "To my dear brother-in-law, as a New-Year's greeting."

The Conrector put the letter in his pocket, — it was quite a thick letter, — and thought: "What can my brother-in-law be writing to me about? — the cane? You may write long about that!"

Arrived at school, he opened his Virgil, and said: "Come, Musche Karl Siemssen, go ahead! Translate!"

Karl began, and it went very smoothly. The Herr Conrector nodded approval; but he was too inquisitive about his letter; he broke it open and began to read.

"What is this?" he said to himself. Karl Siemssen looked up and stopped.

"Go on!" said the Conrector. Karl began. "That is all nonsense!" cried the Conrector. Karl looked at him in amazement, and went back to the beginning of the sentence, but it came out just the same, and he gazed at the Conrector in still greater astonishment. "I say, go on!" said the Conrector. Karl was for the moment out of countenance; he began to stammer. "That is shameful! that is contemptible!" cried the Conrector, throwing the sheets down on his desk. Karl was utterly confounded, and remained silent. "I call that regularly preparing the thing, — preparing it a whole year in advance; but just wait a bit, Musche Rascal!"

"Yes, Herr Conrector, I prepared it, but only last evening," said Karl, and he looked just ready to cry.

"Go ahead!" cried the Conrector, angrily, and he crumpled up the papers and thrust them into his coat pocket, looking at Karl as if he were guilty of this pretty New-Year's greeting. But as he noticed Karl's sorrowful face, it occurred to him that he had possibly made his comments on the letter aloud, and he said, kindly,

"You are doing very well. I did not mean you; I only meant my brother-in-law at the keller."

But he was quite put out by that infamous letter. He pulled it from his pocket again and read a little, and grew fiery red in the face, and for this afternoon his interest in school-teaching was utterly gone. In the next hour also, the hour for singing and violin and drum playing, he sang very much out of tune, he used a great deal of rosin, and sawed away at the strings as if they were made of Kunst's intestines, and beat the drum as if it were his brother-in-law.

When the Conrector came home, after school, he slammed the doors again, drew the papers from his pocket, read them, threw them on the table, and scolded and grumbled. In his excitement over the letter, the detestable letter, he had clean forgotten all that had passed that noon between himself and Dürten. He was quite free from his embarrassment, but he had a great desire to express himself plainly to another person, were it only his Dürten. Some people are made so, and not the worst kind of people, either; at least they are better than those who swallow their vexations, and then feed upon them for days and weeks and years. The Herr Conrector called his Dürten.

"Now, just think, Dürten, my brother-in-law, Kunst! He has written me this letter."

\* A pun in the original: Kussen signifying both cushion and kissing.

"Does he want our cane?" asked Dürten, already prepared to act on the defensive for the cane and her master.

"To be sure he does; but how does he begin? He sends me an account,—an account for eight years. Here!—" and he threw one sheet after the other to Dürten, across the table. "Here! here! An account of sixty-four thalers and eighteen groschens, for eight years back; for all the little glasses of Madeira and the bread-and-butter I have had during that time, on all the Sundays and holidays, after service, and he has also reckoned the yearly fair. No! how is it possible? After the way he has always treated me.—'Karl! for my brother-in-law, Karl! a glass of Madeira; Karl! bread-and-butter for my brother-in-law, Karl!' And he has put it all down in my account, and if I do not give him up my cane, I must pay it,—sixty-four thalers, eighteen groschens!"

"Preserve us!" cried Dürten; "that is as if robbers should attack the house; that is worse than Tilly's times. Herr Conrector, let me go to him. I will——"

"It would be different if I had ordered anything; but no, entirely of his own accord, 'Karl, my brother-in-law.' How? Another man might have said: 'Don't be offended, Herr Conrector, but these little things mount up,' and would have sent the bill every year. But to wait eight years, and then——"

"We will not pay it!" cried Dürten. "Why, it would be a shame!"

"And yet we must pay it," said the Conrector, "for I will not give up the cane—I cannot! That would look as if I had come by it dishonestly; as if I had taken what was really given me."

"Herr," exclaimed Dürten, suddenly, as if light had flashed upon her mind, "what do you think of an advocate? I know they are not good for much; it is a good deal with them as with the doctors; they don't know much, but one wants them as a sort of dependence, one can talk to them, and they help one over the first misery. Well, I have never had much to do with doctors, thank God, nor with advocates either, except after my mother's death, when I had to attend to my father's affairs, and the old man had got into difficulty, and our house and garden were sold. I advise you to consult an advocate."

"Hm, hm!" said the Conrector, thoughtfully, "I never had a law-suit in my life, and I have no desire for one, especially with such a near connection; but I will talk with Rath Fischer."

"For God's sake not with him! It was his fault that we lost our garden. But, don't be offended, Herr Conrector,—has Kunst written down your account every day, in his book, or in his cupboard, or on the door?"

"No, he never did in his life."

"Well, then, he has not put it in his book; he has only made it out lately, out of spite and envy about the cane, so as to vex you. And now let me take the account. I can reckon, and I have all the old calendars, and I will find out whether the Sundays and holidays agree with the dates he has put down, and particularly the yearly fair; and then, don't you remember, five years ago St. Martin's day, you were not out of your room for four weeks, with a bad cough? If he has put down those Sundays with the rest, then we have him; then the account is not right, and we will not pay a groschen."

"Yes," said the Conrector, as Dürten went off with the account; "that would help greatly! Sixty-four thalers and eighteen groschens—three groschens for a glass of Madeira, one for bread-and-butter; how should that be? And for all Dürten talks so, I might lose the law-suit, and have the costs also to pay. I could raise money on my house, but who would give me anything? There is enough on it already. His Highness might do it, on account of the thunder-storms; but has he anything? Princess Christel? Has nothing, either,—owes Kunst a fine sum for Port wine. Eh, who has any money? Hofrath Altmann has something; but I could not afford to pay such interest as his Highness does. *She*," he added, looking over to his neighbor's, "she may have something; but would she do it? Yes, if she would marry me, and have all our goods in common, and would be friendly, and let me do with hers as with my own, then it might answer. I must marry. I must marry proper opes; what could open do for me in such a case? I could dispense with *her*; but the opes, the opes!" And he sank into deep thought, and sat there in the twilight, fretting over the law-suit, and thinking about the opes.

"But I will not give up the cane!" he cried, just as Dürten came in.

"And you shall not, Herr Conrector; the whole account is wrong. Two years through he has put down all the Sundays wrong, most of the holidays are not right, and the fair days are nearly all changed, and the time when you were sick with the cold he has charged just like the rest. There is no need of our paying it."

"Yes, Dürten, you speak reasonably; but yet I *had* all that."

"Had it! And have not good friends had something here? They would laugh well if you were to send them in an account. No, I will help you out of the difficulty if you will follow my advice; and there is no danger of a law-suit; that is all nonsense of Kunst. And here is your light, Herr Conrector," she added, putting his candle on the table, "and now attend to your business, as usual."

The Conrector sat there and made marks with red ink in the scholars' exercise books, and many a failure which would usually have found mercy in his eyes had a heavy mark against it, and when he wrote the sum underneath, he dipped his pen afresh in the red ink to make it very plain, and he wrote all sorts of spiteful comments, besides.

## CHAPTER VII.

How the Poet Kägebein threw kisses to Mamsell Soltmann, and how the Conrector's brains were confused and perplexed. — His Serene Highness returns to Nigen-Bramborg with the swallows. — How Wilhelm Halsband tried to catch another, and got caught himself. — Clever Hans and stupid Hans. — How two sovereigns go out walking in the market-place at Nigen-Bramborg and declare war with each other. — Who shall win? — Halsband and Dürten Holzen are to be locked up in a frightful, dark hole. — Hans breaks the potpourri pot. — His Serene Highness holds his levee, but can get no biscuit, and his nervous revum gendarum is cut in two.

So time slipped away, ice and snow were gone, Shrove-tide had come, and the Nigen-Bramborg children were up before daylight, running about the streets and into the houses, routing honest burghers and virtuous housewives out of their beds. Even the Conrector must pay for his pancakes with blows from the birch twigs with which the whole troop of saucy little Quartans and Quintans were armed. Dürten Holzen had endeavoured to hold back this wild hunt, but received a couple of blows herself, in the darkness in the passage way, and could not prevent their breaking through into the Herr Conrector's sleeping apartment.

The Herr sat at his dinner, this Shrove-Tuesday, resting his head on his hand, and the nice pancakes lay before him, with butter and sugar and cinnamon and sweet cream, and he sighed: "This has been a vexatious morning for me, Dürten."

"Yes, Herr," said Dürten, "but I did not think the boys would be so rude as to disturb you. They gave me a couple of smart blows on my bare arms."

"Oh, I don't mean that. Boys are boys, and must have their frolic; but when old

folks behave like boys, it is bad. Only think, Kunst has really entered a complaint, and I shall be obliged to go to Nigen-Strelitz and defend myself."

"Don't you do it," said Dürten. "Three times and out," says the proverb. Let him summon you three times, before you answer; that will give you room for reflection. But we will not talk about the matter any longer. Here comes your friend, the Herr Advocate from Nigen-Strelitz."

"Good-day, good-day," said Kägebein, entering the room. "Ah, at dinner; but I will not disturb you, —

Disturb no man at his dinner,

Not even thy dearest friend,

Lest his meat grow cold, and he deem thee a sinner,

And wish thee away to send.

I will sit down here, by the window."

"Do so," said the Conrector, as he went on eating. "You will not be offended, but we schoolmasters have little time to spare, and I will not urge you to join us, for we have no meat to-day."

Kägebein paid no attention to this remark; he was looking over to Mamsell Soltmann's window, and behaving in a very singular manner. He bowed and nodded and motioned, and threw kisses across the street, and looked as happy as an old donkey with his crib full of oats. Dürten shook her head; the Conrector went on with his dinner. Kägebein opened wide his arms, as if Mamsell Soltmann was about to fly from her window, across the street, and he was ready to receive her. Dürten shook her head more decidedly; but the Conrector, undisturbed, kept on eating his pancakes.

At last Kägebein's poetic emotions burst forth in words. He pressed one hand on his heart, and, with a deep sigh, gave vent to his feelings:

"Oh what joy for thy lover,

Thy face to discover!

Oh Dorimene,

To see thee again,

Causes me the keenest pain.

Spare me those brilliant glances,

They pierce my heart like lances!"

The Conrector had sprung up and looked over Kägebein's shoulder, and ejaculated, with his mouth full of pancakes: "Mamsell Soltmann!"

Dürten also sprang up and looked over the Conrector's shoulder, and muttered with no little indignation:

"That old yellow thing!"



"Oh, Dorimene——" began Kägebein, afresh.

"That isn't her name,—it is Caroline," interrupted Dürten.

"Do you know the Mamsell?" inquired the Conrector, and pointed with his hand over Kägebein's shoulder, so that the neighbor thought it best to retire from the window; for she probably thought that, for a discreet love-affair, there were too many spectators.

"Know her! Know her, did you say, my friend?" cried Kägebein, throwing her one more kiss as she turned away. "Worship, adore, you should say! Oh, Dorimene!" he exclaimed, pressing his poet-head with his hands, as if it were a lemon, and he must squeeze out some acid drops to mingle with his sweet, poetic effusions, that the people who read his poems might have a taste of the agony with which he had brought his children into the world. "Know! Oh, Dorimene! She has been my Muse for three long years, my *ungrateful* Muse, when she was Kammerjungfer to the Princess Christel."

"Well, she seems to be grateful enough now!" observed Dürten, going out with the remains of the pancakes.

"Hm!" said the Conrector. "And did you never come any nearer than to write verses in her honor?"

"My dear friend, how could I? Her elevated position as Kammerjungfer to the Princess, and then the fine Court tone, in Neu-Strelitz."

"I should not think that need prevent you; for so far as I have observed, in my intercourse with his Highness and Princess Christel——"

"My dear friend, you don't know," interrupted Kägebein. "To understand such matters one must be a fine-toned instrument, upon which, in happy hours, the Muses and the Graces play. Listen!" and he drew a proof-sheet from his pocket. "This is the third proof-sheet,—I always go myself, the three miles and back, and take them from the printing-press; they might otherwise be lost. Now listen. Here is a poem to Dorimene, which expresses my exact feelings.

Oh Dorimene, only in rhyme and verse  
May I my tender thoughts to thee rehearse,  
All other ways to me are closed and blind,  
When I an entrance to thy heart would find,  
I——"

"No, no!" cried the Conrector. "You must not be offended, but I have no time,—I must go to school. So," and he gathered up his books, "you have gone no fur-

ther than rhyming to the Mamsell? How then could you venture to throw kisses to her with so much assurance?"

"My dear friend, we poets may take liberties which are not allowed to other mortals. When circumstances and relations are in the way, we raise ourselves above them."

"Which signifies, in this case, that you throw your kisses across the street. So you have never kissed her, any nearer?"

"My friend, how could that be possible? That would destroy all the fine, poetic sentiment of the thing."

"Well," said the Conrector, opening the house door, "different people, different opinions. Come, I go to the left," and he looked round to Kägebein; but he stood there, bowing towards Mamsell Soltmann's window, and was just going to throw her another kiss, when the ungrateful Muse turned her back upon him, and the Poet stood there like butter in the sun.

"Man!" cried the Conrector, "you look as if you were sunstruck! Well, good-by,—I must go. Hm!" said he, as he went his way. "I like that in the neighbor, that she wouldn't stand there to be kissed, and turned her back on his poetic impudence. She must be quite a modest young woman."

"A brazen-faced huzzy!" said Dürten to herself, pulling impatiently at the tangled skein of yarn which she was winding, "she certainly invited his attentions."

So Easter came, also, and the Herr Conrector had prophesied rightly; he did not receive his salary when it fell due, and therefore Dürten must still wait for her Christmas present. But so it goes in this world; one does not get what he wants, and gets what he does not want; the Herr Conrector wanted his salary, and he got this unjust summons from the Court of Justice at Neu-Strelitz. He was getting a little hardened to the matter, meanwhile. Dürten said, every day, there was no use in fretting, and advised him to keep a stiff upper lip. And Spring had come, and had refreshed him with her sweet air, and had chased away the gloomy fogs of Winter, and had brushed out the cobwebs which Anxiety had spun in his learned brains, and sunshine began to get the upper hands again. Only when he unexpectedly met his brother-in-law, Kunst, and saw his mocking smiles, all the little glasses of Madeira of eight years back foamed and fermented at once in his head, and the bread-and-butter besmeared itself over his mind, so that his neat and orderly upper-story and heart-chambers became a con-



fused and dirty dwelling, which the spring breezes and Dürten vainly tried to cleanse.

With the Spring, and the first thunder-storm, and the first swallows, His Serene Highness returned to Nigen-Bramborg. Little maidens in white dresses, with wreaths of roses, and poems, were not the fashion at that time in Mecklenburg; but there were plenty of another kind, who were doubtless in fashion so far back as the days of the blessed St. Nicholas,—the little street-urchins. These little creatures ran, with the two runners, before his Serene Highness's coach, and trotted alongside in competition with Jochen Bähnhaase's spavined browns, and roared after the three lackies who hung on behind: "Long live the Duke!" And the shoemaker's wife, and the baker's wife, and the slipper-maker's, and the other women untied their aprons and waved them out of the windows, and cried, "Welcome, Serene Highness!" and "Good day, Serene Highness!" and as the other carriages, with the household attendants, drove up, they turned away, saying: "Never mind, those are only the others." So, three days before Ascension, his Serene Highness and his sister Christel made their entrance into the city, and he went, in great happiness and content, into his palace; for the sky was clear, there was not a cloud to be seen. Princess Christel got out at Buttermann's.

Towards seven o'clock on Ascension morning three people were standing before old Cooper Holzen's door; one was Stining, one, Dürten, with a dish in her hand, and the third was the runner, Halsband. "No," the latter was saying, "I cannot come to-day. There is still a great deal to do, putting things in order; and then I must practice running a little this morning."

"What!" said Dürten, "I should think you might understand that well enough by this time."

"Dürten, you don't know. You see, Fleischfreter runs almost as rapidly as I, and he has caught up wonderfully of late. Well, so long as I am kept in this cursed situation, I will at any rate be the first in it. One gets stiff, sitting still all winter, and in the Spring it is too wet; now it is dry, and one must exercise his legs a little."

"Wilhelm," said Stining, "I wish you could give up the whole business."

"So I will, Stining; but I must wait for some opportunity to break with Serene Highness, by fair means or foul. I am coming into father's workshop to-morrow."

"This lasts too long," said Dürten.

"Why don't you run away, over the Prussian border? You can run just as well there as here."

"So,—I could do that. But what would father and Stining do?"

"I——" began Stining.

"You would stay here," interrupted Dürten, hastily. "What! You couldn't take to running! No!" she cried, and was about to produce another trump, when she was interrupted.

"Let it be known to all," shouted the town-crier, Stamer, "that any one who shall find the crazy son of the shoemaker Grabow, and bring authentic intelligence of his present abode, or shall capture the sick man himself, shall receive a reward of five thalers from his afflicted father.—Flatfish are to be had in the market, also bloaters, fifteen for a shilling."

"Preserve us, Stamer!" exclaimed Dürten to the crier, and at the same moment all the windows in the neighborhood went up, and as many women's heads, with nightcaps and without, were thrust out, and cried, like Dürten: "Preserve us, Stamer, what is this? Who would have thought it? Shoemaker Grabow's son! Where has he gone to?"

"It is simple of you to ask that, neighbor! That is just what they don't know."

"No," said Stamer; "they don't know, and we magistrates don't know, either; but they said at the Treptow gate that if he had gone that way they should have seen him; and if he hasn't gone anywhere else, he must have gone towards Broda."

"So I was thinking," said shoemaker Knirk's wife; "he must have gone towards Broda."

"Yes, he has gone to Broda," said the wife of the day-laborer, Rübring. "Jochen Mahnk, when he stole the goose, ran off to the Broda wood."

"Yes, he has gone to Broda,—where else could he have gone?" said they all together; and Dürten beckoned Stining and Halsband into her father's house.

"Who has gone to Broda?" asked a stout, bold, clever-looking man, who just then came riding up the street on a brown horse. "Oh, Herr Wendhals," began the women, "don't you know?"—and they related the story. "And he has taken it into his head that he is one of his Highness' Court servants, and that the Princess Christel wants to marry him."

And Hans Wendhals, who was Kammerpächter to his Highness, of the Broda wood at that time,—not to be confounded with Hans Wendtland, who is Kammerpächter there at present,—rode slowly along the

street, and went over the business in his mind, and came to the conclusion that if five thalers should fall in his way that morning it would be a very good thing, — whereby one may readily perceive that I am speaking of Wendhals and not of Wendtland, and of old, and not of new times; for now-a-days a Kammerpächter would not trouble himself much for five thalers.

Dürten also had a plan for the five thalers. "Halsband," said she, "you can run, and you were meaning to run this morning. How if you could catch this unfortunate young man?"

"Eh, Dürten, but where shall I find him? This is only an old wives' story about Broda."

"It is all the same to you which way you run," said Dürten, "and no one can tell beforehand. You might have the good fortune."

"Oh, yes," said Halsband. "If I have not the good fortune, why, I need the exercise, and I can go that way as well as another; it is all one to me; but I shouldn't do it for the five thalers, if I do it, — it would be for the sake of the poor young man. Well, good-by!"

"That is right, Wilhelm!" cried Stining after him. "How anxious his parents must be!"

"Stining," said Dürten, "that is a foolish speech. If he catches him, he has a right to the five thalers."

"Dürten, who could think of money in such a misfortune?"

"So! Stay there, and you will get far! Yes, if shoemaker Grabow had been a poor man; but he has plenty. No, in such a case one must use reason. And I must use mine, and get my flat-fish from the market. Well, good morning."

As Halsband went through the Treptow gate, he took off his hat and coat, to make himself lighter, and left them with the gate-keeper; and after he had passed the gate he fell into a little trot, and so trotted through the gardens to the Broda parish. On account of the holiday there was no one in the gardens; no one was to be seen in the fields whom he might ask about the young man, so he ran on, getting into a quicker and quicker gait; the weather was so fine, and it was still in the cool of the morning, running was no weariness to him; he was used to it, and as he came to Hans Wendhal's grass-land, he ran back and forth in the meadow.

He was as full of pleasure as we were in our young days, when we made a foot-journey at a quick pace in fine weather;

for, to a regular runner, running is only what a good quick walk is to other people. In his pleasure he forgot shoemaker Grabow's son and the five thalers as he ran.

The Kammerpächter, Herr Hans Wendhals, rode first to a merchant's and paid his account, for paying accounts was his strong point; then he rode through the market, and as he saw in a fish-wagon a great, fresh eel, he bought it and stuffed it into his pocket, for he was a very practical farmer for one of that time, and wore large pockets, in which he was wise, for one can never tell for what they may be useful. This time they were useful to the eel, for he could creep out very conveniently. Twice, already, he was just on the point of saying good-by, but Hans surprised him in season. He found it necessary, however, to hold his pocket together the whole way, and was therefore obliged to ride very slowly. The shoemaker's son and the five thalers had quite gone out of his mind, in consequence; but when he saw Halsband running back and forth on his turf, it shot through his head: — yes, that is the crazy man! He spurred up his old mare until he got her into a run, for he was bent upon catching the runaway, and so, in turn, he forgot the eel. He raced into his farmyard, called his servants, summoned the day-laborers also to assist, and as he was a very clever man and had great presence of mind, he thought nothing of his eel, and gave his people very sensible directions:

"You seven shall slip along by the ditch, and we eight will creep round the meadow, and when we have him between us, and I say hurrah! then run up from all sides. We must take him!"

It happened exactly as Herr Hans Wendhals had said. "Hurrah!" Halsband stood still. "Catch him! Hold him fast!" and as he had thought, so it happened; they caught him and held him fast.

"Here!" and he felt in his pocket for a piece of pack-thread. "Where the devil is my eel? Never mind!" — he thought of the five thalers. — "Here!" He pulled out the string, and they were about to bind Halsband.

"Good heavens! Let go of me! What is the matter? What do you want?" cried he. "I am the runner, Halsband, — Serene Highness' runner."

"Yes, it is all right, my son, and the Princess will marry you. So, now tie his hands behind his back."

"Herr," said Hans Wendhals' bailiff, who was almost as clever as Hans himself, "he

is surely distracted. If he had his wits, he would never be running about, bare-headed and without his coat, over our turf, on Ascension morning."

"Blockhead!" cried the runner, and — bang! — the clever bailiff got a blow on the head, and clever Hans himself would have taken the next; but Halsband was overpowered by numbers, his hands were bound, and the whole company gave him their escort back to Nigen-Bramborg.

If such a thing should happen at present, Hans would not go far with his prisoner without being enlightened as to his mistake; for now-a-days there is as great a crowd in Nigen-Bramborg, and in the 'l' rep-tow street and the other street, as if it were always the yearly fair, or as there is at Berlin at the Königstrasse; and since they have the railroad it grows worse and worse; but at that time one saw fewer people in the streets than at church, whereas now it is directly the opposite. When Halsband was led through the street, the people were all in church, and only the little street urchins took his part, though in rather doubtful fashion. They shouted after the poor runner: "Hol! look! hol! they have caught Halsband. Halsband has been stealing!" and they also escorted him to the Rathhaus; for clever Hans thought it necessary and proper to deliver up his prisoner there.

But there were two people whom clever Hans had not reckoned upon, in his five-thaler-reckoning, who had a word to say in the matter, and were likely to say it

with decision; one was Dürten Holzen, and the other was his Serene Highness.

Dürten was engaged in clearing out her master's study, while he was in church; the windows stood open, and as Halsband was brought across the market-place she heard the shouting of the little street boys; she looked out, for though she was not inquisitive, she liked to know what was going on; but she saw only a crowd of people.

"What is the matter, Krischaning Birndt?" she asked one of the little boys, as he ran by.

"They have tied Halsband's arms behind his back! Halsband has been stealing."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dürten, "what is this? — what is this?" and she rushed out into the street, for she was a very resolute woman.

His Serene Highness had risen that morning a little earlier than usual, and now, in his red silk breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with bright buckles, he was walking up and down before his palace; in one hand he held a cane with a jewelled top, and he rested the other behind him against his purple velvet coat, which was richly adorned with gold lace; his hair was tied in his neck, in a broad bag, and on his head sat a little three-cornered hat, which concealed his heavy state curls to such a degree that they only peeped out a little at the sides. Two lackeys walked about eight paces behind him, and the Kammerdiener Rand stood in the door, and looked as if he felt for the moment quite satisfied with his master.

**SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S TAME WASP.** — Sir J. Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp which he had brought with him from the Pyrenees, and which had been in his possession for about three months. The wasp was of a social kind, and he took it in its nest formed of twenty-seven cells, in which there were fifteen eggs; and, had the wasp been allowed to remain there, by this time there would have been quite a little colony of wasps. None of the eggs, however, came to maturity, and the wasp had laid no eggs since it had been in his possession. The wasp was now quite tame, though at first it was rather too ready with its sting. It now ate sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an outing occasionally, it readily returned to its bottles, which it seemed to regard as a home. This was the first tame wasp kept by itself he had ever heard of.

Popular Science Review.

**THE COLOUR OF FISHES.** — A short paper (in French) was read at the British Association by M. Georges Pouchet on the mechanism of the changes of colour in fishes and crustacea. The author referred to the fact that fishes often change in colour according to the colour of the objects by which they are surrounded: but he explained that this does not take place when the fish is deprived of the nerves that preside over the peculiar corpuscles to which the colour is due. The change does not take place in blind turbot; and in the seeing turbot, if the nerves are divided which communicate between the eye and the skin, the change does not occur. If the fifth nerve is divided, the change takes place all over the body except the part to which that nerve is distributed. These experiments, M. Pouchet said, show that the change of colour is dependent upon impressions received by the nervous system through the organs of vision.

Popular Science Review.

From *The Argosy*.

## THE MILLER OF MANNEVILLE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

THE little brackish river which flows through Manneville turns the wheel of many a Norman mill on its way. There is the big mill for the grinding of rape, and which is to become oil in time; there is the tucking mill, which dyes the river black and blue at certain hours; and there is the flour mill, which belongs to Maitre Salomon, and is so picturesque, so green and so lovely, that it is a wonder no painter has found it out as yet.

The river of Manneville is nameless. It springs in a little hollow not far from the road to Fontaine, flows round the village for a mile or so, then glides away with a low, plaintive murmur to the sea. Perhaps because its course is so brief, perhaps because it is so soon lost in the great blue waters, it has been allowed to pass through the world without a name. Was it worth while to give any to so short-lived a stream? On one, too, which, being the only river for miles around, could never be mistaken for any other. So the river of Manneville is born, goes on its way, does its good work, and dies unrecorded.

Not far from the dark spot whence it murmurs forth into the bright sunshine, it suddenly spreads into a little lake, skirted with hoary willows and tall beech trees, that cast a deep cool shade on its waters. An old dyke closes one extremity of the lake, and ends in Maitre Salomon's mill. Beyond the dyke the lake narrows, and becoming river-like flows on in the green, fresh shade of fine old trees, till it reaches the village.

But of Manneville, of its street, church, and houses, there is neither sight or sound here. The gray old mill, and its pleasant stone house and smiling orchard, ending in a gay flower-garden, are all you see if you go down to the lake from the road leading to Fontaine. The picture is one you never forget, especially if the wheel of the mill be still. Wherever you look you see green trees, clear water, and blue sky, and, closing the scene, the old mill, seeming to sleep in the sun as if it were weary of its endless work, and glad to doze its last days away.

It is not a busy mill. It has had little corn to grind since the windmill was built on the hill by Fontaine; but Maitre Salomon keeps it going; he will not give in to the windmill; he hates it, talks of it with cool scorn, and, being a well-to-do-man, he can indulge in his hobby—his own mill.

He likes that mill for many reasons. His mother was born here, here she was married, and here she died when he was a lad of fourteen. Maitre Salomon himself was born at the mill on a midsummer morning, and he is apt to boast that he has never been twenty-four entire hours out of it since that day. Even as the Celestial Empire is the centre of the world to the Chinese, so is his mill the centre of Manneville to Maitre Salomon.

Midsummer morning was beautiful and balmy three years ago, and so thought the miller, who was smoking in his orchard, looking at the shadow of the apple trees on the grass, and at the clear sheet of water which rippled gently on the sandy beach at his feet. "I am twenty-nine to-day," he soliloquized. "Well, it is pleasant to live, especially here in the old mill." The young miller did not go beyond this satisfactory conclusion; perhaps because a thrush was singing very sweetly above his head; perhaps, too, because he rarely vexed his mind with useless speculations. He was a tall young Norman, fair and florid, with happy blue eyes and a look of calm content on his handsome, good-humoured face which his daily life fulfilled. It was the boast of his cousin and servant, Catherine, that she could do what she pleased with Maitre Salomon, provided she did not disturb his equanimity by speaking of the hateful windmill.

"My dear mother has been dead fifteen years," thought the miller, as a faint sound of church bells came on the summer air. "God rest her soul. She was a good mother to me." And he sighed with the calm sorrow with which we learn to think of the dead.

"Maitre Salomon," called out a shrill voice from the house, "will you not go to High Mass to-day?"

"I have been to low mass," answered the miller, taking out his pipe.

Catherine was deaf, but taking her master's reply for granted, she pursued, "This is a great holiday. You should go to High Mass, Maitre Salomon."

"I sleep through the sermon," answered the young man, with a cloud on his open face, "and my dear mother used to say, 'Never give scandal in God's church.' And she spoke truly, Catherine; she spoke truly."

But Catherine, who, though deaf, seemed to know all her master's answers by heart, screamed from the house, "And I say you give scandal by staying at home, Maitre Salomon; you give scandal."

This was no doubt unanswerable, for the

millar extinguished his pipe, put it in his pocket, and shunning the kitchen, entered the house by a side door, and gently went up stairs to his mother's room. It had never been used since the sad day when she was borne out of it. Such as she had left it after her brief illness, it was still. When the young miller unlocked the door — he always kept the key of that room in his own care — the faint smell of lavender and dried roses which his mother had loved seemed to bring her dear presence back again before him. He closed the door softly — love and death had made the place sacred — and the dim light that stole in through the window, across which a vine had been allowed to fling its broad green boughs, almost unpruned, gave it a solemn and religious aspect.

Maitre Salomon stepped as lightly across the floor as if he feared to awaken some sleeper hidden behind the faded pink bed-curtains, all over which were portrayed the fortunes of little Cinderella. He took out his pocket-handkerchief and dusted with it the marble slab of the old chest of drawers. He raised tenderly the blue cushion upon it, and in which his mother's two long silver hair-pins were still stuck, and when he put it down again, he half sighed. Grief was dead, but not that fond regret which never leaves a faithful heart.

"Maitre Salomon, I am going," screamed Catherine from the bottom of the stairs.

"Very well," he answered.

"Oh, you are up there again," she muttered, rather indignantly. This room, which she was never allowed to enter, unless in her master's presence, was a sore point with Catherine. She disapproved of it, and hinted it was no better than a calling of ghosts, to be thus keeping up an empty room. "Just ready for them. I wonder you will not go to High Mass to-day," she persisted, from the foot of the staircase. "All Manneville will be there: Maitre Pierre Lenud and his pretty wife, Fifine, you know, and Alexis, to whom Annette left that lot of money, and Renée, the organist's wife. You do not know Renée, Maitre Salomon."

"We must not go to church to stare at our neighbours and their wives," rather austere answered the miller; but he spoke low, and more as if his dead mother could hear the words, than as if they were meant for Catherine.

"And I say it is only a calling of ghosts to keep a room empty for them," she muttered, giving up the point, and going her way.

The obstinate miller opened the window.

A gentle breeze suddenly stirred the vine-leaves, and a golden sunbeam stole in through a thick cluster, making a warm light on the red tiled floor. "That vine must be pruned," thought the miller, making the little opening wider with his hand; he soon paused in sudden surprise at the unexpected picture below him. This window overlooked the narrowest part of the river. A tall beech tree that grew on one bank flung its broad hanging boughs across the stream to the other side, and wholly hid its further course and many windings. The little nook thus seemingly enclosed was wonderfully cool and green. There was a cottage close to it, but it was invisible from the window, and the only token that the spot was ever visited by any human being consisted in two white stepping-stones which had been placed at the root of the beech tree to lead from the steep bank down to the water's edge. Many a time had the miller seen little birds hopping daintily across these stones, or dragon flies darting over the water; but either Susanne, his neighbour, came to fill her pitcher very early or very late, for never once, often though he looked out, had he seen her or any one else by the stream. And now, to his surprise, a young girl, a stranger to Manneville he was sure, stood on the lowest of the stepping-stones, with the water rippling softly over her bare feet. Her curly black hair was loose and hung around her face, which it half hid; the sleeves of her little white bodice were tucked up to her elbows, and left her arms bare, and her faded red cloth petticoat was carefully gathered above her ankles, so as not to get wet. She stood very still, looking down at herself in the water, then suddenly sitting down on the topmost stone, and bending over the river, she took up water in both her hands and began washing her face with great zeal. An obstinate black spot on her left cheek required a good deal of rubbing and several appeals to the natural mirror at her hand, before she was satisfied. Shaking back her hair, she showed the miller a pleasant round dimpled face, just then all sparkling with bright water-drops, and two laughing blue eyes, with an open childish look in them that did one good to see. He thought that, her ablutions being performed, she would go away, but she did not. She wiped her face dry with a white cloth lying on the grass, then took out a little comb from her pocket, and combed out her hair very carefully. Then she tied it back with a crimson ribbon, which she bound round her head after, in what the miller thought, a very



becoming fashion; then bending over the water, she looked at herself and seemed by no means to quarrel with her own image.

"Mariette, Mariette, you will never be ready," cried a voice far away.

"I am coming, com—ing," answered the young girl, with a sort of song, and slipping her feet into a pair of wooden shoes that lay by her, she sprang away, and in a moment was hidden from the miller's view. He waited awhile to see if she would return, but she did not, so he let the vine-leaves fall back, closed the window, shut the door, and went down to the solitary kitchen. The sun was shining through the tall window on the brick floor, and the great clock was ticking behind the half-open door. The summer air was still, and as the mill was not at work, the sound of the church-bells were very clear. "Catherine is right; I ought to go to mass," thought the miller; and as it was not too late, he dressed and went at once.

High Mass was beginning as Maitre Salomon entered the church of Manneville, and went up to his bench. He had a whole one to himself, in which he always sat alone. Catherine never used it. She had sat at the lower end of the church in a dark corner, and in the draught of two doors, ever since she was fifteen, and would have been wretched to sit anywhere else. It was, therefore, with a start of surprise that the miller saw a woman kneeling in the seat where ever since his mother had died he had knelt and prayed alone; and with much trepidation that he recognized the young girl whom he had seen from the window in his mother's room. She knelt with her face buried in her little brown hands, but he was sure of her identity, and was so disconcerted that he had barely recovered his presence of mind by the time the sermon began. His little neighbour never once turned towards him. Her eyes were fastened on the pages of her book and the miller could scarcely see her bent face. There was nothing distracting in the top of her white cap, nor even in the end of crimson ribbon which came down behind on her slender neck; her little girlish figure was so still that, if his head had not been pertinaciously turned her way, Maitre Salomon might have forgotten her presence; but he did not, and it was only by staring at the large brass eagle reading-desk in front of the altar that he succeeded in keeping his eyes off of her till mass was ended. Even then he kept staring on at the eagle, till a little low voice said in his ear, "Please let me pass." Then he gave a great start, and saw for a moment a little round face

which passed by him, and, mingling with the crowd, was gone almost as soon as seen. The miller did not look for it; he was a shy man by nature and habit, and went straight home.

Maitre Salomon stood on the road in front of his house the next day, when he heard the sound of a beetle hard at work on some linen in the vicinity of the beech tree. "Is it the little girl with the red ribbon?" thought the miller, and he went straight up to his mother's room. He opened the window very softly and peeped through the vine-leaves; he saw the little girl with the red ribbon as he called her, washing some linen with much superfluous energy, and a prodigal use of that noisy beetle which had betrayed her presence. She knelt in the box lined with straw which French peasant-women use for that purpose, and was rinsing out a long white table-cloth, dyeing the little river with soap bubbles that floated down the stream. When this was done, she sat down on the higher one of the two stones, and began biting in a piece of brown bread with the honest appetite of fifteen.

"It is but a little thing, a young thing," thought the miller, watching her with much pleasure through the vine-leaves. "How it bites in that hard dry bread," and he looked on when the bread was eaten, and the washing resumed, and he forgot the passing of time till twelve struck and the Angelus rang. No sooner did the little girl hear the church bell than she started to her feet with a suddenness that partook of alarm, and snatching up her linen, washed and unwashed, she rushed off, leaving her box, beetle, and soap behind her. In a few minutes Susanne came and fetched them. Then all was still again, and the little river flowed on quietly once more, and a white pigeon lighted on one of the stepping-stones, and after strutting up and down across it for awhile, flew away.

"Who and what can she be?" thought the miller, as he sat eating his dinner by the table in the kitchen window. Catherine, who was washing up plates and dishes by the fireplace, in which, though it was June, a wood fire was crackling, unexpectedly gave him the information he wanted.

"Some people are lucky," began Catherine, in a high, irritated key; "they do not go into service; they have servants of their own, who wear red ribbons in their hair — little pert, conceited things."

The miller, on hearing this, gave Catherine a look which so plainly said "What!"



that she resumed in a louder tone, "I say that Susanne's new servant is a scandal! Why she sat in your bench yesterday, Maitre Salomon! She is as saucy as a sparrow. I saw her washing this morning; and how Susanne can trust her with linen — why a baby knows as much about washing as she does, with her red ribbon. A little gadder too! Why, when twelve struck, instead of seeing to her mistress's dinner, and turning her hand to anything useful, she rushed past our garden with her head bare and her arms all covered with soap-suds, and her feet almost out of her wooden shoes, and ran along like a mad thing on the road to Fontaine. Susanne must be crazy to have taken that little thing, with as much sense in her head as a linnet. And her name is Mariette, too;" she added, as if this were the culminating point in the sins of Susanne's servant.

The miller heard this, but all he thought was, "Why did she start off so as twelve struck, and what could she be racing off to Fontaine for?" and instead of smoking his after-dinner pipe by the little lake as usual, he went and walked up and down the hedge that divides his garden from the road. Presently he heard a clatter of wooden shoes, and looking over the hedge, the tall miller saw a little figure coming towards him. It was she, bare-headed, and dressed just as he had seen her washing, in a dingy old red petticoat, and with a large cotton handkerchief loosely fastened around her neck. She was much flushed, and rather out of breath, but she brought back neither bundle nor basket. The miller looked after her as she dived down the shady path that led to Susanne's cottage, and he wondered what her errand on that lonely sunburnt road had been.

Maitre Salomon had not much to do about this time, so he went up and down a good deal to his mother's room, or walked in his garden by the hedge, but he did not see Mariette. Once or twice, however, he heard her singing in a voice so sweet and clear that he thought, "Catherine was right in calling her a linnet. She is a bird, one hears but does not see her."

At length, on the Saturday morning, he saw her again from behind the vine-leaves. She had come for water to the river, and laying her pitcher slantwise in the stream, she let it there fill slowly, idly watching the water as it flowed in and out. She stood in the dry shade of the beech tree, but here and there a sunbeam stole in upon her, and one played on her head and lit

up her dark hair with specks of the richest gold. The miller — who perhaps had a painter's eye — was watching her with infinite pleasure, when the noonday Angelus rang. On hearing it, Mariette snatched up her pitcher, which was not half full, and darted away, leaving a great blank of shade on the spot where she had been.

The miller went down to the kitchen, took his hat from its peg behind the door, and without heeding Catherine's "Why, Maitre Salomon, the soup is on the table," he walked out on the road to Fontaine. To his surprise he saw Mariette climbing up a narrow path leading to a shady orchard on the left side of the road, and which belonged to no less a person than the miller himself. What could take her there? It was a wild, secluded spot, beyond which extended many a cornfield, and where the miller's cow grazed alone all the day long. "She cannot want to talk with Roquette," thought the miller, "and surely my unripe apples cannot tempt her." And he too climbed up the path, and was soon straying among the low, broad apple-trees. The spot was wild and lovely, a little nest of green lying in the hollow lap of the hill. Roquette was grazing there in solitary state, and a swarm of wild bees that had made its nest in a hollow tree, filled the place with a soft drowsy murmur, very pleasant to hear in the hot summer noon; lovely wild flowers and large white mushrooms also grew there in abundance, and lent their wild beauty to the miller's orchard; but the little brown-headed girl whom he had followed there was invisible. At length he found her out. The southern end of the orchard was enclosed by a bank of mossy rock and green earth, at the foot of which grew a lonely oak, young and strong and with sturdy boughs, that flung their shade far into the neighbouring cornfield. Now Mariette was perched bird-like on the lowest of these boughs, and whilst she clung with one arm to the trunk of the oak, she shaded her eyes with the hand that was free, looking earnestly at something far away. Suddenly she dropped down as lightly from her bough as if she had had a pair of wings to her back, and skipping among the rocks of the bank, she ran away through the orchard, and passed close to the miller, looking up at him with childish, fearless eyes, and giving him a little nod as he stepped aside to make way for her. Maitre Salomon looked after her till she had vanished, then he climbed up the bank, and without requiring the aid of the oak bough, he scanned attentively

the prospect at which Mariette had been gazing. Corn, tall yellow corn, corn waving beneath the summer sun in the soft summer air, was all he saw—save far away in the glittering haze of noontide, the sails of the windmill moving lazily. Even as the miller eyed them askance their motion ceased, and all was still again in the tranquil landscape. "It never can be to look at that thing, that she came here," thought the miller; "she knows better, I am sure, little though she is."

However that might be, close observation gave the miller the certainty that every day a little before noon Mariette went up to his orchard. Only once did he follow her and watch her from a distance, and then he saw her again perched in the tree. "I suppose it is a bird, and likes that," thought the miller, greatly puzzled.

Every village has its bad character. The bad character of Manneville just then was a young scamp called Simon Petit, who though no more than ten years old, had the credit of robbing all the farmyards and plundering all the orchards in the place. A favourite exploit of this young brigand's was also to catch, in spite of every penal injunction to the contrary, the speckled trout that played on the pretty bed of the little river.

"The young villain is at his old tricks," indignantly thought Maitre Salomon, as looking through the vine-leaves on a sunny morning, he saw, instead of Mariette, the little cunning face and serpent figure of Simon, who, armed with a long pole, was cautiously exploring the banks of the river. He stole away, and was soon hidden among the alder bushes. He had scarcely vanished, when Mariette appeared with a pitcher in her hand. She laid it down in the stream, and watched the water flowing into it, with a sad, dejected look. Twelve struck; Mariette did not stir. Something had happened assuredly, or she would never stand thus with downcast eyes and arms hanging down loosely by her sides. But suddenly she gave a start as Simon Petit, stepping out from behind the alder bushes, appeared before her with a fine trout in his hand. He, too, was taken by surprise, but looking her boldly in the face, he said, with cool effrontery:—

"The trout jumped out of the river, and so I picked it up. You saw it jumping, did you not?"

"No, indeed," bluntly answered Mariette. She looked incredulous; Simon's little cunning eyes winked, but he was mute; Mariette said:

"Do something for me, and no one shall

know about the trout: run up the road go through the orchard on the left, hand climb up into the oak tree, and tell me if the sails of the windmill are quiet or turning?"

"What do you want to know that for?" asked Simon.

"Never mind."

"Then why do you not go yourself?"

"Will you go or not?" she asked, stamping her foot impatiently.

She held out no threat about the trout, yet Simon gave in at once, and promising to do her errand, he vanished. Mariette sat down on the higher of the two stepping-stones, and clasping her hands around her knees, waited patiently for his return.

Maitre Salomon, shaking his head at what he had heard and seen, went down stairs, walked out on the road, and found Simon there, peering round him before he ventured into the orchard, for he had been caught there once upon a time, and fear, like a dragon, kept watch in the path. The miller had no need to speak. The moment Simon saw him, he caught up his trout, which he had hidden in a cool hollow of the hedge, and fled precipitately. The miller looked after him with grim satisfaction, and thought: "I suppose I must do that little thing's errand, and see about that windmill myself now."

So he went up to his orchard and ascertained that his enemy the windmill was motionless. "But what can she want to know that for?" thought Maitre Salomon as he came down again.

"Why your soup has been cooling this half hour, Maitre Salomon," cried Catherine, standing on the threshold of the kitchen door; but without heeding her Maitre Salomon walked round the mill, took a little path that led to the river, and found Mariette still sitting on the stepping-stone and waiting there for Simon's return. She looked round on hearing the miller's step, and gazed up at him with simple wonder on her young face. He looked down at her quietly, and entered at once on his subject. "I am the miller, and yonder is my mill, and from my window, the one with the vine-leaves up there, I heard you a while ago talking to that good-for-nothing Simon Petit. Take my advice, and have nothing to do with that fellow, who has more wickedness in his little finger than many a big man in his whole body."

"And is there a window up there behind the vine?" was Mariette's only reply. "Well, I should never have thought

so; how can you see from behind these thick green leaves?"

"That is neither here nor there," answered the miller, a little impatiently; "but Simon knows better than to put a foot in my orchard since the day when I caught him stoning Roquette after filling his cap with apples; so he ran away when he saw me. Being, as it were, the cause of your disappointment, I went in his stead, though what you can want to look at that windmill for, is more than I can imagine. Take my word for it, of all the ugly things of man's making, a windmill is the ugliest, and that windmill is the ugliest I ever saw. But every one to his liking; and any time you fancy going up to the orchard, why do so, and take some of the fruit and be welcome to it, for you see the orchard is mine, and if I make you welcome, why no one has a right to gainsay it."

"Thank you," replied Mariette, who looked as if she had not minded a word he was uttering. "But please, were the sails going?"

"Why should they be?" asked the miller rather sharply. "I tell you that mill is a bad thing altogether, and that he who built it has rued it many and many a time."

"Well, but were the sails going?" again asked Mariette, looking anxious.

"No!" decisively answered the miller; "they were as still as if they were nailed."

The colour fled from Mariette's cheeks, and left them white.

"They were not going," she said faintly; "then I am undone, undone!" and she looked at him so wildly, wringing her hands, that the miller thought she was surely distracted.

"Why, child," he argued, "what can that windmill be to you?"

Mariette did not answer him; but looking at him in the same wild way, she rose and left him without uttering another word. "Is the little thing crazy?" thought Maitre Salomon, going back to the mill-house a strangely puzzled man.

This was to be a day of events to every one about the mill: Catherine, much perplexed by Maitre Salomon's fancy to go out instead of eating his soup, was stealing out softly to see what he was about when she was accosted by an old beggar-woman from Fontaine, named Justine. "This is not Friday," said Catherine, sharply. "Come on Friday, and you will get something, as usual." Friday is the great begging and almsgiving day in Manneville.

"You should not let riches harden your heart, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Justine pitifully. "You should not. It is not because your cousin Mederic has left you all that money that you should ill-use the poor, Mademoiselle Catherine."

Even the deaf can hear the magic words "riches" and "money." Catherine put questions and was answered, and Catherine learned with indignation and dismay that her cousin Maitre Mederic, the childless widower, was dead and buried, and that his heirs had begun to quarrel over his inheritance, without thinking it needful to summon her to a division of the spoil. Catherine was a woman of spirit. In five minutes her resolve was taken, and when Maitre Salomon came in to his dinner, Catherine, instead of giving him a scolding, informed him, in her highest key, that she was going to Fontaine to get her rights; that she was sure the old oaken press, black and bright as ebony, would be gone if she delayed; and last of all, that her cousin Mederic was dead.

Thus it happened that Maitre Salomon, instead of being cheered by the conversation of Catherine that evening, sat alone in his kitchen, and after eating his supper of bread and cheese, and drinking his glass of cider, looked drearily in the embers of his decaying fire of rape stalks.

The evenings are always chill in Manneville, and this was a rainy one; besides, Maitre Salomon liked company, "and fire is good company at any time, as my mother used to say," he remarked to himself. So he sat, and was looking absently at the mild red glow on his hearth, when the kitchen door behind him opened softly, and, looking sharply round, the miller saw the pale, startled face of Mariette in the opening.

"Oh, please, can I come in?" she whispered. "I shall stay only a little while; but please do let me in."

"Come in," said the miller, rising. "What is it?"

Mariette, instead of answering him, darted in, looked round her sharply, espied, spite the mild gloom in the kitchen, the door that led to the rooms on the first floor, and opening it, flew up the steps, as swift and light as a kitten. The miller was rather bewildered, but phlegmatic people rarely lose their presence of mind; so Maitre Salomon lit a candle, bolted the kitchen door, and followed his visitor, whom he found on the landing hiding behind the door of Catherine's room.

"Mariette," he said, "what has happened?"

"The tinker has come for me," she replied pitifully. "He says he is my father you know; but I know he is not, and I will never go away with him, never. He came into Susanne's, but I jumped out of the window as he entered the door, and pray do not tell him I am here, for I hate him, I do."

The light of the miller's candle fell on the pale, tearful face of the frightened girl.

"The tinker — what tinker?" he asked.

"The tinker," she said pettishly, as if the world held but one, "and I hate him, and do not tell him I am here; and pray do not give me up to him."

If she had been an outcast, steeped in shame and sin, the miller could not have resisted the appeal nor the pitiful look she raised to his.

"No one shall touch thee here," he said almost sternly. "And look," he added, drawing a key from his pocket and opening a door at the furthest end of the landing, "this is my dead mother's room. Take the light, go in, and lock the door on thyself, and let us see who will go in after thee there."

Mariette did as she was bid, and entered the room in a silent awe, wakened by the words "dead mother." The miller waited till she had locked the door on herself, then he went downstairs, lit another candle, unbolted the door, and taking out his pipe, began to smoke leisurely. He had not been engaged thus five minutes when the door opened, and Catherine, followed by the dirtiest and most ill-looking gipsy sort of tinker whom the miller had ever set his eyes on, entered the kitchen.

"Well, Maitre Salomon," she cried in breathless indignation, "I told you how it would be. The black oaken press was gone, and the warming-pan as well. That warming-pan had been a hundred years in the family, and I had a longing for it ever since I was a child. You could read seventeen hundred and fifty-five upon it quite plainly, and this honest tinker whom I have just met; actually had it yesterday from my cousin Angelique herself to clean up, and he says it was as good as new and as bright as gold."

"It was a noble warming-pan," said the tinker, in a hollow voice, whilst his dark eye stole about the room as if in search of something or some one. He had a swarthy face, harsh features, and a rusty brown beard, and the miller thought he had never seen so evil-looking a fellow; so, being a man of few words, he asked shortly, "What is your business here?"

"I came about some saucepans," humbly answered the tinker, looking at Catherine.

"Yes, you shall have them all," she replied, guessing what was going on, "but I must know what Angelique got besides the warming-pan: I know Mederic had copper saucepans; there was one as large as this — suppose you begin with it?"

She was going to take down a large casserole, and the tinker was stepping forward to take it from her, when the miller took out his pipe, stretched out his arm, and uttered a "Stop," so loud and imperative that even Catherine heard it.

"Not a casserole, not a warming-pan of my late mother's, shall that man touch," he said sternly. "Such as they are now, they remain."

Having uttered this sentence with due solemnity, the miller rose and walked out. Catherine was sure to understand that when the miller walked out of his own kitchen he had invariably pronounced some sentence from which there was no appeal.

Maitre Salomon went no farther than the end of his own garden. He suddenly remembered that he had left the enemy in the very heart of the citadel, and walking back to the house at once, he found the kitchen empty, whilst a streak of light coming down the staircase, and a sound of voices, guided him to the first floor. He walked up softly, and caught the tinker in the act of trying the door of his mother's room, whilst he was saying, "I dare say she is in here."

Maitre Salomon took the gipsy by the arm, swung him round, and thrusting him down stairs, exclaimed in wrath, very unusual to him, "You scoundrel, how dare you attempt to go in there? And you, Catherine, are you mad, and do you mean us to part, that you brought him up here?"

"Heaven bless you, Maitre Salomon," cried Catherine, looking frightened out of her wits, "the poor man meant no harm, and knew nothing about the room. He is only looking after his cat, Minette. It seems she escaped from him a while ago, so I daresay he thought she had crept up the vine and got in there, and I hope you have not hurt the honest man. He seems so fond of his cat; I suppose he carries her about with him; and how was he to know that doors are locked, and rooms kept for ghosts, poor man."

Without heeding this speech, the miller went down and ascertained that the intruder was gone; but when Catherine, after casting this parting taunt about

ghosts and the closed door, came down in her turn and looked about her, she saw, to her dismay, that her new umbrella, which she had put in a corner on coming in, had disappeared as well as the tinker.

"The honest man took it to clean it up for you," said the miller, with grim satisfaction. "Perhaps he thought it was Minette."

"The thief! I shall catch him yet," cried Catherine. But the tinker, whether a thief or not, was not so easily caught; and when at the end of ten minutes she came back red with anger and running, she bore no umbrella in her hand. Her lamentations at this calamitous ending of her journey to Fontaine in search of an inheritance were so loud and so troublesome, that the miller said impatiently, "Go to bed, Catherine, go to bed, and let us hear no more about the umbrella or the tinker."

And as Catherine was tired, she did go to bed after a while, not without grumbling at the hard-heartedness of men, for whom one might slave and slave, and be treated like a dog in the end.

Maitre Salomon bore all this philosophically; and when the house was quiet once more, he went to the dresser, took down a plate, put bread and cheese on the table, and filled a jug with cider. Then he softly stole upstairs, and tapped at the door of his mother's room. It opened cautiously, and Mariette's little round face and startled eyes peeped out at last.

"You may come down," said the miller; "he is gone. Catherine is in bed, and she is deaf as a post."

Mariette obeyed, not without casting many startled looks around her:

"I tell you not to be afraid," said the miller, when they stood in the kitchen. "He is gone, and here are bread and cheese and cider for you. Eat and drink; you are as pale as a ghost."

At first Mariette would not hear of eating or drinking, and kept looking behind her back; but when the miller bolted the door, she uttered a sigh of relief, sat down, and after a little coaxing, took a sip of the cider; then, after a little more persuasion, she began to bite in the bread and cheese, remarking, apologetically,

"I was just sitting down to supper when he came in at the door, and I had to jump out of the window."

The miller looked at her fresh young face, and remembering the sallow, ill-looking tinker, he could not help saying: "Surely that fellow is no father of yours?"

But Mariette raised her eyebrows, pursed up her lips, and shaking her head wisely, said, "She did not know — she could not tell. He might not be her father; but then she remembered no other. He used to beat her, to be sure; but some fathers beat their daughters. All she remembered of herself was trotting by his side when he went about tinkering, and being sometimes carried on his back; of course he made her beg, but she did not get much; may be that was why he beat her. Perhaps he had stolen her, and that she was some grand lady's offspring. Only how could she tell? It is so hard to know whose child one is," argued Mariette, gravely. It was because he beat her so one evening that Père Joseph, who built the windmill, you know, that handsome windmill — Maitre Salomon winced — "bought her from the tinker through sheer pity, and that was how she had been living with Jacques in the windmill ever since dear Père Joseph died." As she came to this part of her story Mariette's eyes grew dim, and her voice faltered. The miller looked hard at her, and was silent awhile.

"I suppose you are to marry Jacques, and live in that handsome windmill," he remarked, rather shortly.

"Marry Jacques! Why Jacques was married," pettishly exclaimed Mariette. "As to living in the windmill, how could she, when she was pursued by that horrid tinker? Had she not been obliged to come and hide from him at Susanne's? And had it not been agreed between her and Jacques that he would use the sails of his windmill as a signal to let her know when the tinker was coming? And had not Jacques sent her word that very morning not to stir out of doors? And was she not ready to expire with sheer fright when Maitre Salomon told her that the sails of the windmill were motionless, and she thereby knew that the dreadful tinker was on her track? But she would die first, she would, before she went again with him tramping about the country, mending old saucepans. Yes, she would die first; but what a pretty room that was upstairs, only how terrified she was in it; but then the story of Cinderella on the curtains, was so pretty that she could not help looking at it, and reading the legends under every picture: she had never seen such a pretty room." And so she prattled on, eating and drinking all the time, and seeming to have put by every fear and every care.

Many a time had the miller shaken his



head as he listened to her story. It was such a pitiful one. He saw her a little child, wandering about with that savage tinker, beaten, ill-used, made to beg, and only saved from his clutches by becoming a dependent in a stranger's house. They had been kind to her, it seemed, at the windmill, but this Jacques had not married her, of course not, and what was to become of her now, poor little thoughtless thing?

"Mariette," he said, at length, "hast thou got a sweetheart?"

"No," replied Mariette, shortly.

"No lad, no young man of Fontaine, whom thou wouldst care for and like to marry?"

"Where is the use, when no one would have me?" she said, impatiently.

"Then she did care for some one," thought the miller, a little downcast; but no, a few more questions convinced him that Mariette was fancy free, only she knew very well that because of her doubtful birth and poverty no one would care to have her, and it did not please her to be reminded of the fact."

"Well, well, there is time enough for thee to enter on the cares of marriage," said the miller; "yet it would save thee from the tinker. Only just promise me this—do not marry without letting me know about it first?"

"Why so?" asked Mariette, opening her blue eyes.

"I may want to make thee a present," replied the miller, after a long pause.

Mariette looked grateful and beaming; but all of a sudden the look of fear came back to her face. She had heard a noise outside; she was sure the tinker was coming. In vain the miller reminded her that the tinker, having taken Catherine's umbrella, would not come back. Mariette assured him that to steal and return to the very house whence he had stolen was the tinker's way. In short, she was so frightened and so restless that Maitre Salomon, struck with a bright idea, or what he thought such, said:—

"Do not leave the house for fear thou shouldst meet the tinker, child. Go back to the room upstairs, and sleep there for to-night. It is my mother's room, and no one has slept in it since she died. I will walk round to Susanne, and tell her that thou art safe here."

Mariette looked charmed, then frightened. Security is delightful; but ghosts are dreadful company, and Catherine's words about that room had not fallen on heedless ears; but ghosts, after all, are not

so terrible as the living, so she accepted the miller's hospitable proposal, and whilst he went round to tell Susanne of her whereabouts, Mariette stole back to her refuge upstairs.

She was not very timorous, after all; and although she entered that room with a sort of awe, it soon gave place to other feelings. She liked the scent of the lavender and dried roses; she liked those pink bed-curtains, and the story of little Cinderella upon them; so noble a chest of drawers as this she had never seen; and the faded blue pin-cushion, with the long silver pins, in it, was a marvel in her eyes. Not in all the windmill was there a room like this! Surely the late owner of that room had been a happy woman? Was she like her son, wondered Mariette, tall and fair, and had she blue eyes and a serious smile? As she stood on the middle of the floor, looking round her, with a light in her hand, and thus speculating, she suddenly thought of something else, put down the light, went to the window, and, opening it softly, and parting the vine-leaves, looked out on the dark night.

It was not all dark, for the moon was out, riding in the sky with strange haste, thought Mariette. Her light fell in streaks on the little gurgling river below, making patches of silver here and there. Everything was very still: then, all of a sudden, Mariette heard voices talking low in that stillness. One was Susanne's, and the other—yes, she was sure the other voice was the tinker's. What was he saying? She could not tell, for terror almost paralyzed her, but she could guess, for she heard the words "room" and "vine-leaves" very plainly. Had the light betrayed her? Mariette ran and blew it out at once, then came back to the window, and, not daring to put her head out through the vine-leaves, keeping in her breath, so great were her terror and her wish to hear more, she listened intently, whilst the careless moon still rode in the sky, throwing her quivering light on the little river gliding softly on its way to the sea.

Susanne was not in her cottage when Maitre Salomon went to tell her that Mariette was at the mill-house. He went again in an hour's time, but Susanne had not returned; he shook her door and knocked at it in vain. "Well, the child is safe, at least," thought the miller, and he went back to his own home, and, after sitting up till midnight—a very rare occurrence with him—he softly went upstairs to bed. He paused as he passed by the door of his mother's room. It was very still. "The

little bird is fast asleep," he thought kindly. "It has put its head under its wing after all its troubles, and it is fast asleep." And he felt hospitably glad to have given this poor hunted bird so safe a nest.

Catherine, whose slumbers had been much disturbed by dreams of the black oaken press, the warming-pan, and her stolen umbrella, rose with dawn, and was rather surprised to find her master below with a loaf and a plateful of freshly gathered cherries on the table before him. "Are you hungry, Maitre Salomon," she exclaimed. "Why you never eat at this hour!"

"I suppose I can eat my own cherries when I like," he answered shortly; and to put an end to her questions he walked out into the garden. He felt annoyed not to have been beforehand with Catherine; he was sure Mariette was awake and hungry, and he wished her to eat some of his cherries, the best in Manneville; also he had been thinking all night over something which he wished to say to her this morning. For one so calm, not to say phlegmatic, Maitre Salomon felt in a rare fever, and there was a great throb of mingled uneasiness and joy at his heart, when he saw Catherine leave the house, and heard her scream to him from the garden gate that she was going to look for her umbrella, and would not be long away.

"She is always long, God bless her poor soul," thought Maitre Salomon, going back to the house. His first act was to bolt the kitchen door, so as not to be surprised, then he stole upstairs, and knocking softly at the door of his mother's room, he said aloud: "Mariette, Catherine is gone, and thou must have something to eat. Shall I bring thee the bread and cherries, and leave them at the door, or wilt thou come down to the kitchen? It is nice and cool, and the door is bolted." Mariette returned no answer.

Was she still asleep? These young things sleep both sound and late. The miller raised his voice and spoke again—in vain. With a vague suspicion of the truth, he tried the door, it yielded to his hand. He looked in from the threshold; Mariette was not there. The bed had not been slept in, the window was open, the cage was empty, and the bird was flown. She had fled in the night through the door or down the window, by the help of the old vine; no matter when or how, one thing was certain, she was gone—gone without so much as bidding him good-bye, or saying "I thank you."

She was an ungrateful child, and the

miller felt he ought not to have given her another thought; but he could not help himself, and even though he felt sure he should not find her at Susanne's, he yet went round at once to his neighbour's cottage. Susanne's amazement at his questions was too genuine to be feigned. She had seen nothing of the girl since she left her cottage the evening before.

"I dare say the tinker has got her, after all," said Susanne, shaking her head; "I always said he would. He is her father, you know."

How calmly she spoke of it. Maitre Salomon felt too angry to do more than turn his back upon her and walk away. He did not go back to his own house. He felt sadly sure that he should be as unsuccessful in Fontaine as he had been with Susanne; yet a tormenting power which he could not resist actually made him walk off at once to that object of his aversion the windmill, and seek the fugitive there. "I only want to know that she is safe, that is all," he said to himself, as if he needed that justification of his egregious piece of folly. "She is a child, and she slept, or was to sleep, in my mother's room, and so I ought to know what has become of her."

Maitre Salomon found the miller, a sturdy young man white with flour, standing at his own door with a fat baby in his arms. "I came to see about Mariette," said Maitre Salomon abruptly; for the sight of the windmill and of his rival had roused his old animosity to all its early vigour. "I think she ought not to have gone away without bidding me good-bye; but that is neither here nor there; provided she is safe, I am content; let her be civil or not."

"Marie," called the miller, "come out. Here is a miller from Manneville, who has something to say about Mariette." A fresh young woman came out on this summons, and Maitre Salomon telling them both briefly all he knew, again asked about Mariette.

"Then the tinker has got her, after all," said the young miller coolly. "Marie, take the baby, it is getting sleepy." Then turning to Maitre Salomon: "You know nothing more about her, I suppose?"

"Did I not come to see about her?" said the miller, curtly.

"Ah! to be sure." And, having handed the baby to his wife, the owner of the windmill looked hard at the owner of the watermill. Maitre Salomon felt exasperated.

"Will you do nothing? Will you not interfere?" he asked, glaring at his enemy.

"I am that baby's father, and the tinker is Mariette's father," stolidly answered Jacques.

"I do not believe it. I will never believe the wretch is that poor innocent child's father!" indignantly retorted Maitre Salomon.

"Perhaps he is not," quietly said Jacques, and he looked at his rival as much as to say, "If you please, that matter is settled."

Maitre Salomon scorned to waste any more words on this unfeeling animal. With a sad and heavy heart he went home, thinking all the way: "Oh, Mariette; if I had had the care of you all these years, I would not let you go so coolly from me; and no tinker, no, not were he ten times your father, should have taken you."

Maitre Salomon found Catherine at home, and in great glee. "I have found my umbrella," she cried. "The villain had sold it to Victoire, but I made her give it back; and he is in prison at Fontaine, the good-for-nothing scapegrace, for having stolen Desiré's new chaldron, which he bought last Michaelmas, you know."

"In prison at Fontaine," cried the miller, with sudden hope, "and—and was any one found with him?"

Joy seemed to have opened Catherine's ears, for she heard and answered the question. "Some one with him. No, indeed; there is a band of them, no doubt; but he was caught alone."

The miller was glad to think the child was safe; but it stung him to learn that she had not been forcibly taken away. "It was of her own free will that she left me so ungratefully in the night," he thought, sitting down with a downcast look. "She wanted me no more, and so she stole away without so much as 'good-bye' or 'thank you,' little uncivil thing. I will think no more about her."

"Why, Maitre Salomon, you have not eaten your cherries, after all," said Catherine.

"Eat them, Catherine, or give them away," he replied, with a sorrowful shake of his head; "I want no cherries."

He rose and went upstairs as he said it. Catherine ate half the cherries and gave the rest to a neighbour's child, whilst Maitre Salomon locked the door of his mother's room and said to himself, as he put the key in his pocket, "That is the end of my fancy! yes, that is the end."

There was an epidemic in Manneville about this time, and Maitre Salomon proved one of its first victims. He did not die, indeed, as his neighbour Susanne

did, but he lay ill for many weeks, and when he recovered Catherine took the disease, and lay in her grave before ten days were over. She had been years with her young cousin and master, and though she was deaf and wilful, not to say tiresome, he missed her much, and grieved for her sincerely.

"You must take some one else, Maitre Salomon," said his female neighbours. "Take little Catherine: her having the name you are so used to, will make it convenient."

"Take Lunie," said another, "she is as good a worker as you can get."

"Time enough for it all," gloomily replied the miller, evidently wishing to be left to his own ways. These were dull and sad enough. It might be his recent illness: it might be the death of Catherine; it might be anything else, but life certainly was very joyless to Maitre Salomon just then. Even his mill had ceased to please him; even his mother's room he rarely entered now; and he must have been a very touchy man, for he was always brooding over Mariette's want of civility. "I had not deserved it from her," he said to himself, as he sat alone one evening indulging in retrospective discontent, "and I am sure she was hiding in the windmill all the time I was talking to that Jacques of hers. Of course she was laughing at me to be running after her like a fool. And I had been kind to her, and if my mother had taken her, I am sure she would, poor, dear soul, if she had had the opportunity, Mariette would have found a difference between the watermill of Manneville and the windmill of Fontaine."

A great difference the young miller's fancy certainly made in Mariette's imaginary destiny at the watermill. He played with her as a child in the garden, and on the banks of the little lake; he took her up to his mother's room and made her look out on the river from behind the old vine; he brought her home some of the smartest of red ribbons for her dark hair as she grew up, and enjoyed her bright eyes and merry laugh, when he took these ribbons out of his pocket and held them up to her admiration; and above all he allowed no Marie and no fat baby to come between him and his little friend. As for the tinker, he disposed of him by making him confess, through the might of some irresistible argument, that Mariette was no child of his, but an orphan whom he had stolen, and all whose relations were dead. Thus far had the miller's reverie proceeded, when a tap at his kitchen door roused him.

"Here they are, coming again to worry me about little Catherine and Lunie," he thought, annoyed at being disturbed at that particular part of his dream: and though he said "Come in," he did not look round.

The door opened gently, a light step crossed the kitchen floor, and drew near him. Then the miller looked up, and in the dim twilight he saw Mariette herself standing before him with only the kitchen table by which he sat between them. He was so amazed at this unexpected apparition, that he could not speak.

"I am afraid you are angry with me," timidly said Mariette, "but I could not help running away that night. I heard the tinker talking to Susanne, and when he came round to the mill-house door I was so frightened that I jumped out of the window and nearly got drowned. I ran away to the windmill, and have been hiding ever since: but I am safe now, for he is in prison for three years, and I am so glad; and I hope you are not angry with me."

"I am not," replied the miller, slowly; "but it was not civil to run away, Made-moiselle Mariette."

Mariette hung her head abashed, and was mute; then, suddenly looking up and speaking in a rapid, childish way, "I do not come for the present, Maitre Salomon; I do not want it; but I had promised to tell you, and I am going to get married. Jacques and Marie have found me a husband — Marie's cousin. They did not want me to tell you, but I said I had promised: and I am to be married next week."

"Married?" repeated the miller, staring at her, "married, and you come and tell me."

"Yes, I had promised, Maitre Salomon. Have you forgotten?"

He could not answer. He still stared at her as she stood there before him, neat, demure, and pretty, a little bird-like creature, and he asked himself, with a sharp pang, why he could not have had her as well as another man.

"Married!" he said again, setting his teeth as he spoke, "why, what makes you marry?"

Mariette stared in her turn. "Had he forgotten the advice he had given her to marry, in order to be safe from the tinker? Why, she had repeated this advice to Jacques, and he had thought so well of it, that he and Marie had found her a husband."

"Do not tell me that again," interrupted

the miller, exasperated. "Of course you like him!"

"Not much," replied Mariette, confidentially; "he is old; fifty, at least."

"Fifty! Why, he could be your grandfather," exclaimed Maitre Salomon.

"He is very grey as well," resumed Mariette, looking depressed; "and he is deaf of one ear, but he hears very well with the other, and I like his eldest daughter, Louise, so much."

So this man was not merely old, deaf, and grey, but he was also a widower. Was he rich, at least, to make up for so many drawbacks? asked the miller, indignantly.

"Rich!" echoed Mariette, with a gay laugh, "if he were rich he would not have me. But Louise is going to get married, and he wants some one to take care of him, and Jacques wants me to be safe from the tinker, so he and Marie found him out. He was not willing at first, but he made up his mind and came and said so this morning, and we are to be married next week."

Maitre Salomon could not believe his ears. Was she, this pretty, innocent, thoughtless child, to be sacrificed so? Was she to become an old man's nurse in order to be saved from a tinker who was not her father, Maitre Salomon was sure. He rose, he walked about his kitchen in great agitation; he came back at last to Mariette, and with a great tightening at his throat, said, "Mariette, they all tell me to take some one instead of Catherine, but the fact is I feel I want a wife. Do you know of one that would suit me?"

"Oh, so well," cried Mariette, brightening; "there is Jacques' sister Delphine; she is pretty, and has plenty of money, and —"

"That was not what I meant to say," interrupted Maitre Salomon, reddening; "the fact is I cannot bear to see you marry that deaf old widower, who could not make up his mind — no, that is not it either; the truth is, Mariette," exclaimed the miller, desperately, "that I took a fancy to you when I saw you from behind the vine-leaves in my mother's room, washing your face and combing your hair, and if you will just throw the old fellow over and have me, why we can get married, and you can come here at once, because you see," added Maitre Salomon, who could not help being a matter-of-fact Norman, "everything is going wrong since Catherine died, and the neighbours worry my life out about Lunie and little Catherine, they do."

Mariette heard him, but thought she was dreaming. Could the miller, the handsome, rich, young miller of Manneville be in earnest or was he dreaming, that he talked so. "Well!" said Maitre Salomon, who stood before her looking down in her face.

"You cannot mean it," she replied, looking up at him with evident doubt in her blue eyes. "It is too good to be true."

But it was not too good to be true, after all, and Mariette, half laughing, half crying for joy, could not help saying, "Oh, I am so glad—so glad! for I could not bear him, only I was so frightened of the tinker. And he squints, you know," she added, confidentially; "but I did not like to say so."

The miller was a man of few words, and his courting, for many reasons, was a brief one. Marie was very much affronted that her cousin should be so cavalierly jilted; but Jacques, who had never liked the match, chuckled at its being broken off with such evident enjoyment that he won the heart of Maitre Salomon, who actually ceased to think the windmill the ugliest he had ever seen.

Mariette made the best of miller's wives. She sang like a lark, was as busy as a bee, and thought nothing and no one could compare with the mill and the miller of Manneville. Every one liked her; even the neighbours, who had recommended Lunie and little Catherine, said she was not amiss. She had but one fault; she was too fond of looking out of that window with the vine-leaves growing so thick and green around it, and whence you can see the stepping-stones and the tall beech tree, and the little shining river flowing on in golden sunlight or green shade.

The tinker died suddenly in prison, and had no time to say anything about Mariette's relations. "Never mind," says Maitre Salomon, "I am sure they are all dead."

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
ON SOME PECULIARITIES OF SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

WHY this paper, which is intended to give some account of the social relations of young men and maidens in the United States, should have been by the Editor of the *Cornhill* or this present writer entitled "On the Social Peculiarities of America," I really do not know. The phrase seems

to imply that there is something odd and singular in American customs, whereas the fact is merely that these customs differ from our own, which, in their turn, appear to other civilized nations quite as odd and unreasonable. Pindar has said, "Custom is king over all;" and Herodotus, by way of illustrating the remark, which was perhaps less of a commonplace than now, tells a story of a certain tribe of Indians who, when they heard from a Greek traveller that in his country people used to burn the bodies of their deceased relatives, cried out with horror—their own practice being to kill and eat an aged parent. In a manner slightly less marked we do much the same as these Indians; we unconsciously assume our notions of propriety to be the natural ones, and require some defence or apology to be offered for any deviations from them. This is perhaps most conspicuously the case in matters of social etiquette, for its rules grow into us and become by constant observance so much parts of ourselves that we forget they are only an expression of floating opinion which we might disregard if we pleased. Hence, in attempting to describe a system of manners and usages unlike that which prevails in happy England, one must begin by requesting readers, and in particular by entreating ladies not to be startled at hearing of these free and lightsome ways, and not to condemn them or those who practise them till they have reflected well on the whole matter. A French lady is shocked by the license of English manners; she will stand beside her daughter in a quadrille, lead her away the moment it is over, and lift up her hands when she sees a couple wander off towards the conservatory. A Turkish lady will be even more severe in her criticisms on the indelicacy of all the Franks than Paris is upon London and London upon New York.

Now, as to America, everybody in England knows that social intercourse is much more free there than it is in Europe, but hardly anybody knows in what precisely this freedom consists, or what its results are to the young people and the whole community. Nor is it easy, even in the States themselves, to make out how matters stand. Society differs greatly in town and in country, in New England, in the middle States, in the South, in the West. Even in the same city different sets, all of them claiming to be "genteel," will observe very different rules, some being more and some less influenced by Eu-



ropean example. Then one can't always trust what one hears; for while an informant of advanced ideas tends to exaggerate the freedom permitted, others are morbidly anxious not to be supposed to fall below the English standard of good-breeding, and will soften down or deny outright what is most distinctively Transatlantic. The statements of this paper are therefore given with some diffidence, and with a perfect knowledge that many of them might plausibly be controverted. They are, as one says in a preface, the result of an honest and painstaking investigation, conducted by unprejudiced inquirers whose sources of information were both ample and various. But I am sure that if they should meet the eyes of certain ladies belonging to certain sets in New York and Washington, they will be scouted with real or affected indignation. "Who can this Englishman have lived with when he was in our country? Very inferior people, we guess. We don't know such people." Nevertheless the risk, which after all is not a terrible one, of incurring the censure of these ladies, must be faced.

The first point in which the difference from England strikes a stranger is the liberty allowed to girls and young men of going about together. They walk out in the country or in the streets of a town not merely in groups, but a couple, all alone, unaccompanied by aunts or brothers, without asking any permission, and without attracting any notice. A girl may do this with some particular friend as often as she pleases. I knew a young gentleman of Providence, R. I., and an extremely nice fellow he was, who for a year or more strolled out for two hours one afternoon in every week with one young lady whose company pleased him, and nobody censured either of them. Both belonged to the best society. Driving is more to the taste of all Americans, young and old, men and women, than walking is, and to take a lady out for a drive behind his fast-trotting horse is one of the chief delights of the American youth, who is always happier in the society of women than in that of his own sex. Here and there a parent (of European proclivities) may be found who, without venturing openly to disapprove the practice, tries to avoid falling in with it; and when the thing is done on a large scale, it is thought, in some sets, to be a trifle more decorous to have a matron of the party. In New York, for instance, where French or English notions of etiquette are more powerful than in most

other cities, when half-a-dozen young men invite as many girls to drive with them up through Central Park to a favourite dining-place near the north end of Manhattan Island, dine or sup there, and come back in the evening, they usually secure one married lady who does propriety, or, as they express it, matronizes the party. One, however, is enough, and she is not necessarily a relative. But this is rather an exceptional concession to European ideas; over almost the whole country, and especially in the West, no question would be raised as to the right of youths and maidens to drive about alone together in wagon, buggy, buck-board, or any other contrivance upon wheels.

At evening parties, and in particular at dances, which are frequented more assiduously and enthusiastically by the American youth than by our own, the chaperon, if not quite unknown, is comparatively rare and insignificant. At Washington, where social usages are a good deal influenced by the presence of so many diplomatists from Europe, I believe that she flourishes; and the same may be the case in particular sets in one or two of the other Atlantic cities. But in most parts of the Union her presence would be thought quite unnecessary. Now and then, of course, it will happen that a mother or elder sister accompanies the girl, but far more frequently she goes by herself to the ball, looks after herself when she is there, and comes home with a friend or a servant, sometimes with a young man who escorts her through the streets. Such an escort, one is told, need not be a relative or intimate friend; he may even be a mere acquaintance who has been introduced to her at the party. Then there is a convenient practice by which a lady may provide herself with an escort for the whole evening, which two bright New Yorkers, who described it to the writer, strongly recommended for adoption here. The lady asks a young man whom she knows fairly well to accompany her to such or such a ball, to which he probably has not been invited. He conveys her there accordingly, is presented as her guest to the lady of the house, leaves her to her own devices for the evening, and takes her home again in the small hours. Such an escort is called "a walking stick," and the only drawback, said my informants, to employing him is his tendency to hang about his owner at the dance, where perhaps he knows scarcely any one, and to bother her by asking for dances and introductions. He has not even the last

resource of the English wallflower, for there are no chaperons to make conversation to: and one must therefore choose as walking stick a person of some resource who can shift for himself. In the same way, if a young lady wishes to go to the theatre or opera, she may ask a gentleman to take her there. He can't well refuse the honour, though it is an expensive one, for carriage hire in New York is about five times as high as in London; so he provides a carriage (if he has none of his own), calls for her, takes her to the play, and gives her very likely a supper at Delmonico's afterwards. This is obviously a rather stronger deviation from English ways than the mere absence of chaperons at parties, (in which respect the usage of London does not govern all our cities), and there are families where it might be thought to savour of fastness. But there seems to be no doubt that unimpeachable people do it and permit it, and that a girl is not compromised by it.

It is by no means a matter of course that a girl's friends should be also her parents' friends. Just as here the acquaintance of a young man who lives at home are generally known to the rest of his family, so there a young lady's will be. But not necessarily so. You meet her at a party and dance with her, or inquire about the Spanish song she has sung so prettily; she asks you to call and see her, adding perhaps that she will sing Spanish songs to you all the afternoon. You go to the house and ask for her: she comes down and receives you alone or with her sister. Her mother may or may not appear, probably does not; and you may perhaps keep up the acquaintance for long enough, fall in love with her if you like, without ever being presented to her parents, without so much as knowing them by sight. It is well understood that she is both able and entitled to look after herself and choose her own friends. Sometimes it will happen that two sisters move in different sets, as brothers among ourselves, and know very little of one another's companions.

The same idea that a girl does not need the sort of protection which custom insists on putting her under in Europe, makes it possible for her to move about more freely than she can well do here. She may travel alone on the railroads, perhaps all the way from Philadelphia to St. Louis or Chicago, without attracting notice, stopping at hotels on the way. She may go on foot or in the horse-cars through the streets of a city without being exposed to remark, much less to impertinence. Except perhaps in

the business quarter of New York City, there is scarcely a spot in the Union where it would surprise one to find a young lady walking alone. All this is of course much facilitated by the arrangements so carefully made for the comfort of ladies, for whom there is reserved a separate car on the railroads, usually the last in the train, and who find in every hotel of pretension a spacious ladies' drawing-room, often the only and always the best public room in the house, to which none but they and gentlemen in their train are admitted. Nevertheless it is greatly to the credit of the people that it should be so easy for ladies to go alone everywhere unmolested; and there are few points in which Transatlantic ways come out more clearly superior to our own. To be an isolated woman is a much less formidable thing there than in the old countries.

Of all American devices for enjoying the delicious autumn, the very pleasantest, and to a European at least the most romantic, is a party in the woods. A group of friends arrange to go together into some mountain and forest region, usually into the great Adirondack wilderness to the west of Lake Champlain, carrying with them guns and fishing-rods, tents, blankets, and an ample store of groceries, and engaging three or four guides. They embark with all their equipments, and pass in their boats up the rivers and across the lakes of this great wild country through sixty or eighty miles of trackless forest, glowing with a brilliance of scarlet and yellow that no words can render, to their chosen camping ground at the foot of some tall rock that rises from the still crystal of the lake. Here they build their bark hut and spread their beds of the elastic and fragrant hemlock boughs; the men roam about during the day tracking the deer, or now and then, if such luck befall, the wary painter,\* the ladies read and work and bake the corn cakes; at night there is a merry gathering and a row in the soft moonlight. On these expeditions brothers will take sisters and cousins, their sisters and cousins bringing, perhaps, lady friends with them; the brother's friends will come too, and all will live together in a fraternal way for weeks or months, though no elderly relative or married lady be of the party.

All this arises from, or at least is made much more natural by, the freedom with which young people associate together at school. In the great towns, especially on the eastern seaboard, girls and boys of the

\* Panther.

upper class are usually educated apart; but in the smaller towns everywhere, and in some of the great western cities, they are more commonly taught together in the same classes up to seventeen or eighteen years of age, just as they were in England two centuries ago, and as they are said to have been till quite lately in some parts of the north. At present the tendency is for fashionable people rather to send their girls to private boarding schools, often to convents. But in Chicago, for instance, a fair proportion of the daughters of the best families may be found in the public High School along with the boys; and in Cambridge in Massachusetts, the seat of Harvard University, one is told by the ladies of the place, the wives and sisters of the professors, that they were mostly educated at the High School with their brothers, and that they rejoice to have been there. There are even colleges where young men and young women live and are taught together, such as Oberlin in Ohio, which has been so well described by Miss Jex Blake; and Antioch in the same state, where several of the professors have been women, and where the students used to dine together, and spend several evenings in the week in one another's company. At Ann Arbor in Michigan, probably the greatest university of the West, girls have within the last few years been admitted as students on equal terms, in compliance with the repeatedly-expressed wish of the State Legislature, and are beginning to come in considerable numbers. In this present session (1871-2) there are between sixty and seventy in residence there. The judicious, though not quite unanimous as to the success of this system, are on the whole in its favour, and it is worth remarking that those are most in its favour who have had practical experience of its working. Some say that the presence of the ladies must tend to distract the young men from their studies; while others declare that the girls, stimulated by competition with the men, work with an ardour which is sometimes dangerous to their health. But no one ventures to allege that in a moral point of view there is anything to object to or to regret: the relations of the students to one another are admitted to be simple, natural, mutually beneficial, and the whole tone of the institutions excellent. This may be largely due to the ease and simplicity of Western life in general, which differs more from that of Boston or Philadelphia than the ways of Kerry or Orkney do from those of Middlesex. But in any

case, and however you may explain it, it is remarkable and honourable.

As respects the interchange of letters between young people, much conflicting evidence is given. One shrewd young man, I remember, when his sisters were vehemently asserting their right to correspond without let or hindrance with their male friends, shook his head and grimly remarked that they lived in a free country; a young man might exchange as many letters as he pleased with a girl, but he would end by finding himself "in a box." They, however, reiterated their claims, and subsequent inquiry proved that in the main they were right. For a girl and a youth who are merely friends to keep up a regular cross fire of letters is not very common, because there, as here, the taste for letter writing has declined, and men who have a gift for it have mostly something else to do. But if two young people feel sufficiently interested in one another to go on corresponding, they may do so without reproach or offence, without exciting any of those expectations on either side which here in England the families of the parties concerned, if not one of the parties themselves, would be pretty sure to entertain. To put the matter shortly and practically: the father to whom a bundle of letters is brought at breakfast time, when he sees one directed to Laura in a masculine hand which he remembers to have noticed often enough for the last few months, has no right to throw across the table along with it either a frown or a meaning smile; while the mother who watches in silence will not feel it her duty to make inquiries or give warnings afterwards. And this not so much because American daughters are more independent than English ones — there is as much affection and, so far as appears, as much confidence between parents and children there as here — as because, according to the understanding of the Western world, the interchange of letters has not the same meaning as here. That it is just a very little bit dangerous, that, if there is any special predilection in either party for the other, it may tend to increase it, feeding the imagination, keeping the idea of the absent constantly before the mind, — this must be admitted. But it is less dangerous when felt to be in the ordinary course of things, known to be compatible with no peculiar regard on the part of the other correspondent. To be sure, it must not be too frequent — letters twice a-week would excite remark; and it must be open. A clandestine correspondence is

suspicious everywhere; but in America there is little temptation to it.

These phenomena are the slight but characteristic traits of a society which has developed itself under wholly new conditions, and to some extent upon new beliefs and principles. It is in the Western States, as has just been said, that its distinctive character comes out most clearly, as it is in the great Atlantic cities that European usages and ideas are most in the ascendant. But everywhere over the Union one can't help feeling how considerable the difference from England is—I say "England," because any one who knows Ireland will think the social contrast to that country far less marked. Society in America is altogether easier than ours, simpler, more elastic, more variable, more gay and sparkling, more tolerant (spite of De Tocqueville's reflections on democratic uniformity) of individual divergences from the common type. Woman hold in it a very conspicuous and influential place. They have more control over their property than in England, and are in all respects on a much more complete equality with their husbands in the eye of the law. They have made their way into most or all of the learned professions. They are not thought of as necessarily dependent on man, and are not expected, no not even by respectable old-fashioned people, to be a mere reflection of his wishes and opinions. They are not talked down to in America: you never hear there, as you so often do here, a trivial young whipper-snapper condescending to a lady intellectually as well as morally his superior, but who would think it unbecoming to let her superiority appear. On political, social, literary questions, a woman is expected to have her opinion like a man; she is as free to give it; she is listened to with more external deference and as much substantial respect. She is not in the least afraid of being thought blue; and though I do not believe that women of high and wide culture are any commoner in America than in England, if so common, women sunk in ignorance or prejudice and wholly devoid of literary interests, are certainly much more rare.

But it is very easy to exaggerate this comparative prominence and self-confidence of women, and many English travellers have exaggerated it. It is not at all true that ladies in the States obtrude themselves, or claim as right what courtesy is generally willing to concede to them. The women who, as Mr. Anthony Trollope says, come and stand before you in a railway car or an omnibus till you rise and give

them your place, may exist; but the present writer has never had the ill-luck to meet with them. They accept any casual attentions which a fellow-traveller can render with perhaps a shade more of nonchalance than a lady would show in England, but on the whole they are perfectly willing to take the burdens as well as the benefits of equality. It is fully as common in England as in America for men to stand up to offer a lady their place in a street or railway-car. The Woman's Rights Movement, about which so much has been said, is really no stronger in the States than in England, perhaps not so strong; for though its adherents may be more numerous, they are, as a rule, less eminent by their talents or social position. The agitation for the female franchise, for instance, is more generally discountenanced by the "best people" in the Eastern cities than it is in London, and counts among its leaders and sympathizers perhaps only some five or six ladies whose standing is as good, relatively, as that of the scores that take part in it here. An ordinary American matron is as little "masculine" in the common sense of the word, and as unwilling to be thought masculine, as her English cousins; and if not so much alarmed, she is just as much repelled by the clamorous rhetoric of the Woman's Rights party. The English domestic ideal is still her ideal. And in some respects she has shown less willingness to assume public duties than our English ladies have. Though nine tenths of the teachers in American public schools are women, women do not sit upon the school boards; and even institutions like the Vassar Female College are managed by governing bodies consisting entirely of men.

To express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies is extremely hard—it is something too subtle to be represented by any combination of epithets. You are sensible of a sort of charm which is wanting here: you miss another charm which is present here: you do not know which is more to be desired, but you doubt the possibility of combining them. American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mother's apron strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French verve and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness.

Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies who have mixed in fashionable society in London may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago there are of course fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind" than the commercial class in England.

One would like to examine the causes of this divergence in the type of female character, to inquire how much is due to Protestantism—for the spirit of Protestantism has worked more fully and powerfully in America than in England—how much to the circumstances of a society which developed out of small communities living familiarly together with few relics of the stiffness and class separation of feudalism. But this would lead one away from the question which is of most practical interest to everybody, the question how this freedom of social intercourse which has been described affects the character and happiness of individual men and women. Upon this point it is satisfactory to have a clear opinion. One may grant that the independence of American women has its defects as well as its merits: an acute American lady once observed to me that she found English girls more attractive than her own countrywomen just because they piqued her curiosity: they did not so soon show all that was in them. One may confess that they occasionally give an impression of hardness, which, even if you believe it to be merely superficial, is a little repellent. But a candid observer will overlook drawbacks more serious than these when he comes to consider how much this independence, this freedom, con-

tributes to the pleasantness of American life—how many opportunities it gives for a natural, easy, healthy friendship between young people. Youths and maidens in America certainly have, in their own emphatic language, "a good time." They can see as much of one another as they please; they can do so without the sense of being watched and criticized; and, what is more than all, they can be friendly and mutually interested without fearing to be misunderstood. When two young people take a liking for one another's society, they may talk together of an evening for an hour or more, may walk or drive together, may perhaps correspond, and yet nobody will have a right to suppose there is anything but friendship in the case. They are not driven, as they would be in proper England, either into repressing or concealing their feeling, or else into carrying it hastily into something else, and pledging themselves for ever to one another by a formal engagement. Friends may laugh and chaff, and tell Charlie or Jane that they seem to be fond of being together, but Charlie and Jane can take it coolly and go on their way unmoved, for each of them knows that so long as nothing is done but what custom and etiquette allow, neither has any right to suppose, and is not likely to suppose, the existence of any tender feelings on the part of the other. To be sure there may spring up an affection, and why should there not? The same thing happens here, where people see one another less intimately, the chief difference being that there it is more likely to be reciprocated, and it is based on a far better knowledge of character and habits. In many, however, probably in most cases, the relation of the parties continues to be one of friendship only, each being perhaps as intimate with several other young ladies or young men as he or she is with this one, and it lasts or wanes away just as do the friendships of men for men. English mothers and aunts may refuse to believe this, and insist that such friendships, even if they don't give rise to scandals, must produce much mischief and sorrow, partly in the way of making girls fast or indecorous, partly by causing one-sided attachments and misunderstandings—cases where one party having honestly meant friendship, the other has understood love, or, worse still, where one, having sought only his or her own amusement, has led the other on to a point where the heart was committed. The only answer one can make to this is a flat denial. Whether such results might



naturally be expected or not, they are not found in America. Scandals are certainly quite as rare there as here; probably rarer. The standard of propriety is extremely rigid; and though a girl may do much which she could not well do here, if she once compromised herself society would be quite as stern and unforgiving in Boston or Chicago as in London. As to fastness, there are of course, as there must be, differences of manner and etiquette, but if one looks at essentials a discerning Englishman who goes below the surface will find as much true delicacy and purity among ladies over yonder as among his own countrywomen. Cases of blighted affection occur from time to time under this open-air system, as they do under our band-box system; nothing short of the absolute separation carried out in France will prevent them, if even that. But they are, if one may trust the evidence given, less common and less crushing in America than here; and the reason why may easily be seen. Girls, having seen a great deal more of young men than they would here, are not so easily attracted by mere externals, and become altogether less susceptible. They know more about the character and reputation of their companions, and are less likely to be beguiled by a mere flirt. Intimacy, being common and legitimate, ceases to have anything dangerously romantic about it.

Pleasant it certainly does not cease to be. Looking at the matter simply as a question of human enjoyment, the success of the American system may be pronounced complete. It makes a staid middle-aged man long to have his youth to live over again, to see the bright, cheery, hearty, simple ways of the young people whom he meets straying on the sands at Newport, or picnicking beside the waterfalls of the White Mountains, safe in their own innocence, meeting one another on the natural footing of human creatures, without affectations of innuendo on the one side, or prudery on the other. Little overtures and coquetries there may sometimes be, but it is all, as the attorneys say, "without prejudice." Such pleasure in the society of people of one's own age, which no moralist can deny to be one of the most legitimate sources of enjoyment, is in England a good deal cramped by the restrictions which custom has imposed, and a good deal clouded by the idea, so often present to the English youth, of cousins gossiping and parents inquiring into what the jargon of society calls "intentions." A man may walk with so much wariness

or so much honest simplicity as to avoid this last horror; but no prudence will prevent any interest which he shows in a lady or which a lady shows in him (though in this latter case the inference is really rather the other way), from becoming the theme of talk among acquaintances, and, however heartily he may despise it for himself, he feels it acutely for the other party, whom it may injure in more ways than one. Nothing is commoner than for the friendship of two people—a simple and natural friendship which gives them pleasure while it lasts, and might possibly ripen into something better still—to be interrupted by the idle gossip of outsiders, which, coming to their ears, causes one or both to break off the intimacy lest any misunderstanding should arise. It may be foolish of them, very likely it is; for gossip is one of those things which people should learn to despise; but there is nothing a sensitive mind dreads more than the imputation of exposing another person to blame and misconstruction; still more of wounding her feelings. Now, in America, people do not talk in this fashion about their neighbours; or, if they do, nobody need regard them; everything passes as a matter-of-course under the blessed name of friendship.

There is another merit of the American plan which may gain favour for it from persons of even the strictest views—its tendency to produce happy marriages. That marriages are more frequent there than here, and are contracted earlier, may be ascribed to the circumstances of the country, where it is comparatively easy to make a living, and where, luxurious as certain sets of rich people are, it is a great deal more easy for a young couple to start in a simple way. Still the opportunities for acquaintance given must have something to do with it; and they have even more to do with a good assortment of the couples. In England, especially in London, a man often knows next to nothing of the girl he is engaged to. He has met her at parties, has taken her down to dinner, and danced with her, has called on foggy afternoons, and had tea gracefully handed to him; but he has learnt very little about her true character, her temper, her principles, her capacity for affection, for defects in these respects must be very marked indeed to show beneath the decorous self-restraint of company manners. The girl, on her part, is still worse off, since she has even fewer opportunities of judging what a young man is worth. For he, after all, sees her in her own house

and among her family; he can notice how she gets on with them, and can often, if he is sharp, interpret her by them, for good or for evil. But he is probably quite isolated in the town; she sees nothing and knows nothing of his relations; he is merely a presentable young person of sufficiently pleasant manners and adequate income whom she meets in respectable company. She does not guess what the sisters whom he neglected, or the schoolfellows whom he cheated, or the clerks whom he bullies, could tell about him, and has to learn for herself, when it is too late, that he is mean, hard, and selfish. In smaller towns and country places people have better chances, but in London, and our other great cities, it is hard to see how things are ever to be better while the present restrictions exist. In the States, on the other hand, it is generally a man's or a girl's own fault if he or she does not succeed in making out pretty well what the other is good for. Meeting oftener, and in a less formal way, able to carry on even a somewhat exclusive and engrossing acquaintance without being necessarily supposed to have "intentions," an American youth has the amplest means of finding out what are the tastes, and notions, and habits of the girl whom he thinks of making his wife, and can use those means without exciting any suspicion. Nor can he himself keep a mask always on in her presence; even if he tries it, she is probably intimate with other young men of the same set, and can make out from them what is thought of him by persons of his own sex—in all cases the best guide and clue to the truth. The result is, that people do as a rule know much more of one another before they marry than they do in England, and that unhappy marriages are more rare.

There is an idea afloat in the world, an idea which the Americans themselves are fond of, and which an Englishman, living among them, finds it hard to resist, that the United States is the land of the future, that its institutions, social and political, represent a type towards which the other English-speaking peoples are unconsciously, and it may be unwillingly, moving. As respects politics, at any rate, one hopes and believes that this is false; but as respects social arrangements, there is some truth in it; and it is a very curious subject of speculation how English life will be affected by the change, which is certainly in progress, in the status and influence of women. It is safe to predict that something will be gained and something lost; but the experience of America may well

lead one to believe that, so far as the particular questions are concerned which have been here treated of, the gain will considerably outweigh the loss. One is not prepared to go quite so far as an ardent young legal friend of the writer's, who proposed to invoke the aid of Parliament, and drafted a Bill, modelled on 3 and 4 Will. IV., chap. 74, and entitled, "An Act for the abolition of chaperons, and for the introduction of more free, simple, and natural modes of social intercourse" (short title, "The Chaperons Act, 1872"), in which, after a preamble reciting that in time past divers great inconveniences and evils had arisen from the practice of keeping young women under the eyes of their parents and other elderly persons, at balls, croquet parties, and other social gatherings, and from forbidding or discountenancing their walking, driving, or corresponding with young men, and that it was desirable as well to remedy such evils as to relieve such parents and other elderly persons from the fatigue of attending dances, &c., he proceeded to enact, with all the modern apparatus of schedules, sub-sections, and interpretation clause, that from and after the passing of that Act the lady of the house in which or at which any entertainment (defined as hereinafter mentioned) was given should be deemed and taken to be the chaperon of all the young ladies there present to all intents and for all purposes whatsoever, with much more to the same effect, and a whole string of penalties (recoverable in a summary way), not less formidable than those which are to protect the British voter, directed against dowagers, sisters-in-law, cousins, and others, who should endeavour to abridge the freedom of young persons by making malicious remarks or spreading unfounded stories respecting their interest in one another, and against parents who should, by the covert exercise of moral influence over their daughters, attempt to frustrate the benevolent intentions of the Legislature. But if opinion were to change, as it seems, though very slowly, to be changing, and our code of etiquette were so far relaxed as to recognize the existence of friendship, pure and simple, between girls and young men, and the capacity of girls to take care of themselves, not only would the chaperons for whom my lawyer was so much concerned be delivered from a wearisome and unprofitable task, but the sum of enjoyment among our youth, the gaiety, the brightness, the freshness of life, would be sensibly increased, and the tone of society in

relation to such matters would be raised. Prejudice, however, is strong; and who is to make a beginning? who will bell the cat? Those very persons who, from the best motives, desire a change, would be the most afraid of inducing others to join them in breaking through the rules of etiquette, which they complain of. I remember to have heard some one who had been descanting to his sisters on the advantage of liberty of correspondence reduced to silence by their prompt question:—"You won't object, then, to our corresponding with Mr. So-and-so?" Whereat he climbed down, as the Yankees say, and explained that, until these things were better understood, we ought to avoid misconstruction. In England, unluckily, it is the fast girls who disregard our conventional proprieties, and bring some reproach upon the sacred cause of enlightenment; whereas in America freedom and geniality flourish most among the sober and keen-witted damsels of New England, with whom no one dare forget himself for an instant, and the simple people of the West whom civilization has not had time to stiffen. Things, however, are moving in the right direction: the times have been when it would have been thought dreadful for girls to go bowling along Piccadilly all alone in hansom; and England may see the day when, instead of being driven to suggest half furtive meetings at the Academy or the Horticultural, a young gentleman will ask a lady to come for a walk in Kensington Gardens to-morrow from half-past five till seven. Meanwhile, until that happy day arrives, it is pleasant to remember that beyond the Atlantic there is a land where youths and maidens have "a lovely time," where flirtation is harmless because it is understood and permitted, where friendship is honoured along with love, where friendship leads up to love, and love is all the truer and more lasting because friendship has gone before.

From Dark Blue.

#### THE AZORES.

HAVING lived for three years at St. Michael's, the largest island of the Azores, and never having, since my return, met anyone who seemed either to have heard of, or to know anything of, these beautiful islands, I feel induced to write about them that the Englishmen, who so often seek for health at a much greater distance, may know that they pass by a spot where they

would find all that they could possibly wish for.

The Azores (or Açores, more properly), so called from being the home of innumerable hawks, are a group of nine islands situated in the Atlantic, between 37 deg. and 40 deg. north latitude, and 25 deg. to 32 deg. west longitude, about half-way between the Old and New World. St. Michael's and St. Mary's (S. Miguel and Santa Maria) are the two most easterly, the latter being about seventy miles due south, and in sight of the former. Then, going westerly, we reach Terceira, so called from being the third island discovered; St. George (S. Jorge) and Graciosa; then Fayal and Pico, and, still further westward, Corvo and Flores. The derivation of the names of these islands may not be uninteresting. St. Michael's, St. Mary's, and St. George derive their appellations, as their titles show, from the fact of their discovery having been made upon the days sacred to those saints. Terceira I have already mentioned. Graciosa takes its name from a word meaning "beautiful," and truly the island is justly worthy of the title. Corvo (crow) takes its name from "crows," being the only island in the group where these birds are to be found. Flores, delighting in a profusion of flowers, takes its name therefrom. Lastly, Fayal takes its title from the word "fahah," meaning "beech," the island noted for an abundance of these trees; and Pico (peak), from its altitude above its eight companions. The islands were first discovered, it is said, in the year 1439, by John Vandenbergh, a merchant of Bruges, when driven by stress of weather. On his return to Lisbon, he boasted of his discovery to the Portuguese, who thereupon took possession, and have kept them till the present day.

St. Michael's, to which island I shall generally refer, is the largest of the group, as I have said, being about eighty-two miles in length and averaging eight to ten miles in width, and stretches from east to west. The principal town in the island, Ponta Delgada (narrow point), is situated on the south side of the island, about nineteen miles from the most western point. This town is built in a sheltered position, caused by a chain of sugar-loaf-shaped hills, running through, and culminating at the eastern end of the island in a mountain called Pico de Vara. Ponta Delgada is the third largest town in the Portuguese dominions, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto, and enjoys a first-rate trade with England, Brazil, and the

States. During the winter months, if winter it can be called there, the roadstead is filled with vessels, both steam and sailing, waiting for their cargoes of oranges, the trade in which fruit forms the staple supply of the island, and the export duty on which contributes no small revenue to the coffers of the Minister of Finance. The town is built in a long, straggling fashion, extending from end to end about two miles. Near and around it are its most pleasant adjuncts, the Orange Quintas (Gardens), which, for splendid luxuriance and delicious odour, well repay alone a visit to this "Insula Fortunata." The Cathedral, situated in a square in the midst of the town, is a fine building, equal in size some of our smaller cathedral piles. Close by, we come to the Custom House (Alfandega), where business to a vast extent, to judge from appearances, is daily carried on. Then (an important affair to a stranger) we pass on to the "Hôtel Central," which was, when I was at the island, kept by a most obliging person, who, fortunately, spoke English fluently, and had, as if for the especial benefit of English lady-travellers, married a most amiable and kind Englishwoman, who had, I believe, gone to the island in the capacity of housekeeper to a former consul. Ponta Delgada boasts, too, a very nice little theatre, where a good company holds sway, and where occasionally a Spanish Opera Company enlivens the monotony by some capitably-rendered music. Shops also are in abundance, and everything, from a button to a silk dress, may be obtained, though, on account of duty, at a somewhat higher price than in England. French goods are mostly offered for sale, but native cloth, which is very cheap, supplies a fair-wearing material. There is also a well-managed club, from which foreigners are not excluded. The shops of the "boticas" (chemists) are the favourite lounging resorts of the "dolce-far-niente seekers," in lieu of the luncheon-bars, club-rooms, and hotel-lobbies of England. It is certainly a cheap plan to gossip at the chemist's, as one can hardly be expected to pay his footing by calling for refreshment there! There is also a very neatly-built English chapel, standing in a small cemetery, but at present, I regret to say, there is no chaplain. To a sportsman, also, the neighbourhood of the town is especially attractive, there being an abundance of quail, and there *not* being, as at home, any game licence or trespass questions. It may here be noted that, though this island abounds in quail, and has a fair

sprinkling of woodcock and snipe, yet there is not a partridge to be found; whereas at St. Mary's, close by, there is a plentitude of partridge (red-legged), and no quail at all. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that the quails and partridges are enemies, since the quails, producing their broods earlier than partridges, destroy the eggs of the latter.

I must now ask my readers to accompany me on an imaginary trip through this lovely island, when we will traverse the south side towards the east, and will return to Ponta Delgada by the north road. Suppose, then, a peculiar species of vehicle, half britska, half phaeton, to which four mules are harnessed by leather straps, rope, or, in fact, anything which comes most handy, to be drawn up at the door of the hotel, awaiting your pleasure to depart. These mules are driven or bestrode by boys, who are clad in a most incongruous garb; in fact, the whole turnout is, to say the least of it, most singular and peculiar. But you will, if you exercise the "paçiencia" (patience) which the boys afore-mentioned are constantly impressing upon you, find that your animals are, "if rum-ones to look at, yet good ones to go;" and, having taken your seat and safely bestowed your luncheon basket (a necessity, indeed, since nothing eatable is to be obtained on the road), you are whirled off, amidst the yellings and grimaces of an admiring crowd, through those streets which lead to the southern road. Clearing the town and outskirts, which are by no means inviting, the road running between high stone walls, we come to the village of Lioramente, where the road for the north side of the island diverges from the southern track; nothing of importance to be noted save, perhaps, a quaint little chapel which, as it were, guards the point of divergence of the two roads. On we travel, meeting mules laden with orange-boxes going to the town; bullock carts, filled with Indian corn, creaking and lumbering along; a noisy rabble of children; and, perhaps, the village priest. The sea, stretched out on our right hand, and the groves of orange and lemon trees, together with the lofty "fayah" (beech trees) planted to protect from the wind their weaker brethren, the "larangeiras," (orange trees) sloping down from the hill-sides towards the road upon which you are travelling, form at once a pleasing and grateful view. The bluff rocky headlands over which your road leads you, with the blue sea dashing against them, contrasted with the beauteous tints of

green, white, and yellow of the orange trees, form, truly, a picture of which nature might be proud. It may be asked where our journey is going to end. Well, we are wending our way towards the summer residence of the majority of the gentry of the island, viz., to the village of Furnas, situated in the heart of a valley in the mountains, some 1800 feet from the sea-level. Of the beauties and healthful advantages of this place we will speak hereafter. We still journey on along the sea-coast, through the straggling village of Lagôa and the town of Água de Pau, till we arrive at Villa Franca, which, like Ponta Delgada, is nestled in a nook under the mountains, and presents a face to the sea. This town was the capital, and contains some fine buildings. Its neighbourhood boasts some of the finest orange Quintas in the island; but, by little and little, Ponta Delgada sprang up, and from being more accessible from most parts of the island, and more adapted for the shipment of fruit, finally took the lead and became the chief place. There is, close off Villa Franca, a small island, or rock, which, in certain weather, affords an excellent shelter, and which, by being connected with the mainland, would form the basis of large and safe dock-works. The attempts which have been and are being made to construct a dock and breakwater at Ponta Delgada, have as yet but partially succeeded, from the fact that the gales of winter sweep away the summer's work, the stones which form it being partially of lava deposit, and hence very light. Vessels which have anchored within the shelter of this breakwater have remained there in fancied security for a time; but some have been utterly wrecked in the first heavy south-west gale they have encountered, being caught in a trap; and being neither able to get out, nor protect themselves when in, are dashed to pieces by the masses of falling rock, and hurled ashore by the hundreds of tons of water which rush headlong against the opposing structure.

At Villa Franca we are compelled to leave our conveyance, as the track beyond, though called a carriage road, is hardly fitted for anything except a horse, mule, or donkey. We are therefore obliged to hire "bourras" (donkeys), and, being mounted with a "bourriqueiro" attendant on each animal, off we start, at a donkey's pace, along the road leading from Villa Franca to Ponta Garcia, and thence to the foot of the "Guytara," a mountain ridge over which we must scramble before we can

hope to enjoy the beauties of the Furnas Valley. After jogging along for about two hours, we at last commenced the ascent, and ridge after ridge comes on in seemingly never-ending succession, till at last you are told, if you know the language—and, if not, it is intimated to you by signs—that you have reached the summit, and that your would-be haven is below you. After taking a little refreshment, which the exhausting efforts of climbing well deserve, and taking in the view all round, the descent is commenced. Downward you go, till you find yourself on a fine level piece of road which leads you to the Lagôa das Furnas (Lake of the Furnas), a piece of water about four miles in circumference, and which is entirely surrounded by mountains. This lake, the largest in the island, is supposed, like the others, to have been formed by volcanic eruption, since pumice-stone in great abundance is found on its shores, and tepid springs surround its banks. Near this lake at the north end are some of the famous "Caldeiras" (boilers), which may be termed the vents of the continual volcanic fires to which all these islands, save one (St. Mary's) are subjected. These Caldeiras are filled, and are constantly boiling over, with water of a mineral nature, which, when cold or tepid, forms an invaluable remedy for gout, rheumatism, and various other diseases. Some of the springs which shoot up around these boiling vents are of almost ice-cold water, and, being of a chalybeate and mineral nature, form a most pleasant and healthful drink. Strange as it may appear to find hot and cold streams or jets pouring from the bosom of the earth within a few paces of each other, yet their subterraneous courses may be far apart, and be prosecuted under widely different circumstances, the one percolating through substances which occasion the evolution of heat, or rising up from an immense depth, where it has been heated by interior fires; and the other confined entirely to the superficial strata.

We pass on now along the borders of the lake, and after diverging towards the east, through a pass in the mountains, at last find ourselves in the valley of the Furnas. We jog on till we arrive at the hotel, for they boast one even here, and make acquaintance with the burly landlord, Senhor Jeronymo, who speaks a few words of English, and he thus endeavours to discover and minister to our wants. After bespeaking beds (for it is impossible to return the same night, having already journeyed nearly forty miles), ordering re-



freshment, and settling, after a great amount of haggling and chaffering, with our donkey-drivers, we go out to view the magnificent scenery, and to revivify our tired limbs by a warm iron bath!—a warm bath of iron water, taken from the warm iron stream which runs through the valley. The reason for this iron stream may be that there are varieties of pyrites which are converted into sulphate of iron by the contact of water, an evolution of heat accompanying the change, and, supposing a spring to flow through a bed of such pyrites, its waters become thermal and wholly impregnated by such a decomposition. The baths are built close around the boiling springs, which are at the end of the valley, and can be enjoyed for the remuneration of a few pence to the bath-keeper. There are also private baths, built of marble and fine stone, which belong exclusively to some of the wealthy inhabitants of the island. These springs, said to be connected by underground sources with those I have already mentioned on the borders of the lake in the valley above, consist of iron water (*agua do ferro*), bitter water (*agua azeda*), mixed water, composed by nature of mixed chemicals (*agua mistura*), and various other waters, which are all of especial benefit to invalids. The Americans have been fortunate enough, for their own sakes, to discover the valuable remedies contained in these waters, and take advantage of the healing qualities contained in the baths, the climate, mild and salubrious, and in the enjoyment of the lovely scenery. English people, on the contrary, will not desert their pet Madeira, Nice, Mentone (deserving as they may be), and all those other places famed for expenses and society. Society is more to our countrymen than health; and I often, when speaking of the advantages and beauty of the Azores, am stopped short by the query, "What sort of society is there?" Of course to those to whom society, in all its phases and forms, is a *sine qua non*, St. Michael's offers no charms; but to those who seek health, freedom from pain, bodily elasticity, and mental vigour, in lieu of sickness and enervating debility, St. Michael's, and the Azores generally, will be found a Paradise.

To persons, also, to whom economy is an object, the Azores offer especial attractions. Fish, consisting of turtle, grey and red mullet, eels, sardines, and various kinds of well-known, delicious, deep-sea qualities, may be bought at a marvellously low figure. I myself have purchased a

turtle for *one shilling*, and a hundred sardines for *three-pence*. House-rent, too, is not expensive; fuel is almost useless, except for cooking purposes, when brushwood, which is very cheap, answers every end; meat is obtainable at 5d. to 6d. per lb., and wine at low prices. Fruit and vegetables are almost given away. Servants' wages, too (a startling item in England), are about 5s. to 7s. 6d. per month; the name of "perquisites" is unknown; and whereas English domestics require meat, tea, sugar, beer, and various other luxuries, Portuguese servants know nothing of such demands. A little soup with a piece of Indian corn bread, a little salt fish, and an orange or two, form a magnificent repast in the opinion of the Portuguese domestic. But space will not permit us to linger. We must hie back to Ponta Delgada, and this time by the northern route, which runs straight, over hill and down dale, into the valley of the Furnas, and is a good carriage road all the way to Ponta Delgada. We can take advantage of a returning carriage, and bargain for places. After climbing the ascent from the valley, our mules bundle along at a merry pace, down hill all the way, straight across the island, and then, after reaching the northern coast line, we take the road westerly, towards the town of Ribeira Grande. The same style of beautiful scenery meets our gaze as did on the southern road, and, after lunching at Ribeira Grande, we again cross the island, and find ourselves once more at the hotel in Ponta Delgada.

Another journey westerly which may be made with advantage is that to the "Sette Cidades" (seven cities), a valley surrounded by seven peaks, and which also contains a large lake.

A few words may now be said about the fruit for which the Azores are so famous. The orange tree, which is either raised from slips or seed, produces a crop sometimes startling in abundance. The seedling tree, which takes the longest time to arrive at perfection, is, nevertheless, the most prolific bearer, and stands good for fruit for many decades of years. The tree raised from cutting is, on the other hand, much weaker in its growth and more sparing in its produce. The trees are planted in groves, which are surrounded by high stone walls, and further protected from the force of the wind by lines, sometimes double, of "sayah" (beech) trees, planted inside the walls. These "protection" trees grow to a great height, and completely shelter the fruit-bearing trees

within. The orange season commences about November, and all is business and work — picking, packing, and shipping — till April, when the last cargoes are dispatched, and nothing remains but to loosen the soil around the roots of the trees, manure them, and patiently await a next crop. In summer, however, fruit is to be obtained. Some trees bear what are called the “ridolha” fruit, a species of second crop, and so the inhabitants get oranges all the year round. One of the most pleasing sights is the orange tree, with its dark green leaves, white blossom, unripe and ripe fruit, all pendent at the same time. The orange, too, of St. Michael is especially luscious, and is deservedly well-known in English markets. It has been in such request that tradesmen often offer Mediterranean fruit for sale as being the far-famed produce of St. Michael. The way, however, to detect the imposition is to examine the covering of the orange — the Mediterranean fruit being always covered with thin white paper, the Azores orange with the leaf of the Indian corn. The skin, too, of the latter is softer, thinner, and of a much finer texture than that of the former. In this lovely climate, where the cold of winter is never felt, and the heat of summer is constantly tempered by the refreshing sea breezes, everything springs into life. The bearded wheat, barley, and Indian corn are cultivated in great abundance, and quantities of the latter grain are exported to the United Kingdom. The fruits of England — such as apples, pears, plums, nectarines, peaches, &c., — may be seen growing side by side with the more tropical productions, such as the guava, custard apple, Cape gooseberry, and loquots (a fine Australian fruit); and vegetables of all kinds and descriptions may be found, together with melons of all names and qualities, from the choice little nutmeg even to the ordinary water-melon.

The formation of the Azores (St. Mary's excepted) is strictly volcanic. At St. Mary's there is no sign at all of any such form, and lime and chalk, which are never found in volcanic strata, are discoverable at, and in fact exported from, St. Mary's in great quantities. A chain of volcanic action traverses the whole of the southern part of the European continent a distance of above one thousand geographical miles. It commences at the Azores and extends to the Caspian Sea, having for its northern boundaries the Tyrolean and Swiss Alps, and for its southern bounds the northern kingdoms of Africa. The consequence fol-

lows that springs displaying violent ebullitions, sending off vast clouds of steam, and throwing up their scalding water to a considerable height in the form of a jet, are the common phenomena of these volcanic regions. As I have mentioned, in St. Michael's there is a round, deep, and lovely valley, its sides covered with myrtles, laurels, and mountain-grapes, with wheat, Indian corn, and poplars waving upon its fields, in which many boiling fountains occur. The principal “Caldeira” is on a gentle eminence by the side of a small streamlet, and boils with great fury, and the stream itself exhibits ebullition in various places, where the water is too hot to be borne by the hand. Further, to show the volcanic nature of the Azores, some small islands have emerged from the deep, consisting of volcanic products, lava, scorice, and pumice, and of strata uplifted by the expansive force which produced the ejection of these materials. The first marine ebullition on record was in 1538, another took place in 1723, and a third in 1787, when an earthquake shook the island St. George, and eighteen small islets rose near its shores. The next took place in 1811, when the temporary island of Sabrina rose from the deep off St. Michael. A dangerous shoal was first thrown up from a depth of 240 feet in the month of February. In June, the island showed itself above the surface of the sea, and continued rapidly to increase for several days, till it attained the height of 300 feet, and was about a mile in circumference. It had a beautiful crater, with an opening 30 feet wide, from which hot water poured into the sea. In the month of October of the same year the island began gradually to disappear, and by the end of February, 1812, no trace of it was visible above the waves, though vapours occasionally rose from the spot. There is now upwards of 600 feet of water where Sabrina formerly stood. The last ebullition took place off Terceira, between that island and Graciosa, the shock which produced it destroying a church and part of a village in the former island. This occurred during my residence at St. Michael's. Volcanic formations consist principally of lava, or melted rock-matter, which is either upheaved by immense mechanical pressure through the hollow interior, so as to flow from the top of the volcano in eruption, or, as is usually the case, it makes for itself lateral passages on the flanks of the mountain, and overspreads the adjacent districts, sometimes to a considerable distance, filling up valleys, diverting the course of streams, and elevating plains by adding broad and

thick expanses of material to them. Lava is chiefly composed of the two minerals, felspar and augite, with titaniferous iron. When the felspar predominates, light-coloured lavas are the result, called felspathic, or trachytic; but when the augite is in excess, dark varieties, augitic or basaltic lavas, are produced.

But to resume. It may be, and with justice, asked—How are we to get to these realms of Eden? In the winter months there are always very comfortable steamers sailing from London and Liverpool weekly in which there is capital accommodation for passengers: fare, about £10. In the summer months, Southampton to Lisbon; and thence, on the 15th of the month, by the regular mail-boat to St. Michael's and other islands will be the best route. The coinage in the islands differs slightly from the Lisbon rates. In Portugal the £1 sterling is worth 4500 reis; in the island, 5600 reis. But there is no actual gain by the exchange, as money is rated higher in Lisbon than in the Azores. English bank-notes can hardly obtain currency. A rei is almost an imaginary coin, a "cincoreis" (5 reis) piece being the lowest coinage.

With reference to scenery, I may add that the other islands equally deserve the eulogiums I have passed on the beauties of St. Michael's; and Pico may be especially noted as being the only island in which volcanic eruption is still active.

It may be a matter of interest to know that the far-famed "Mar de Sargosso" (weedy sea), which is divided into two sections, is situated a little to the west of the meridian of Fayal, between 25 degs. and 36 degs. of latitude, where it forms a vast marine meadow. It is caused by an immense collection of floating sea-weed (fucus natans). It is said to have been discovered by the Phœnicians.

Another important topic, and I have finished. The falling-off of the crop of grapes, which formerly, in the shape of wine, supplied one of the principal export commodities from the islands, is a matter of deep regret. For some years past there has been no crop, so to speak, the whole of the grapes for wine-making purposes having been destroyed by the "coccus," a species of green fly, and by the "oidium," a kind of blight, which rots the stem as soon as the grape is formed. The "coccus" eats away the strength of the vine, and leaves it an easier prey to the ravages of "oidium."

Wine, however, ("termo tinto" and "termo branco"), a kind of red and white, may be obtained at the Azores at the most

reasonable price, being sent from Lisbon. "Bucellas," and wines of a higher quality, are also to be had in the islands from the same source. A kind of white brandy, made at St. George, is of a first-rate nature, and very cheap. I am surprised, indeed, that it has not been made a subject of import to England to take the place of the cheap and nasty liquors which are so constantly vended there.

There can be no doubt that all those who require rest, renovation, change, and an economical trip, will never regret having paid a visit to the AZORES.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A VISIT TO SHAMYL'S COUNTRY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1870.\*

BY EDWIN RANSOM, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

AFTER making some acquaintance with St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod, I left the latter port on August 18, 1870, with a through ticket for Petrovsk, on the Caspian. I had the services of a courier who had been twice with English travellers in Caucasus.

The right bank of the Volga is often picturesque, though never so high, broken, or wooded, as at Nijni Novgorod. The great towns at which the steamer stopped, though of course partaking of the *unkemptness* of all Russia and the Russians, possess handsome features, and promise well for the future. Astrakhan—one of the first names one learns in geography—marked so large and alone on the map, is far less in size and in interest than some of the river towns. Flat it is and sandy, among vast sand flats, which produce water-melons and cucumbers utterly innumerable for the vegetable-eating Russian.

Government may make the mountain lines of Caucasus and Ural the boundaries between Asiatic and European provinces, and cartographers may colour their maps on a similar rule, but the traveller must feel himself quite in Asia when he sees the nomade Kalmuks with their skin tents on both sides the great river, when he meets their queer, flat, featureless faces on the steamer and in the bazar at Astrakhan, and still more when he finds himself immersed in Mahometanism in Daghestan, where every feature of life and

\* In this paper foreign words are spelt nearly as pronounced; for the vowels the unvarying usage of German and Italian pronunciation is intended. The letter "c" is not adopted, being an expetive, and its sound generally uncertain.

civilization is Oriental excepting the Russian soldier and the Russian post.

Near most of the Caspian ports the sea is shallow and open, so that anchorage is impossible in windy weather. From Astrakhan all merchandise and passengers are conveyed some 70 miles across the delta between the river steamers and the sea steamers in vessels of lighter draught. Besides this natural detriment to Astrakhan as an entrepôt, any bad weather on the Caspian hinders commerce and restricts the navigation season, which begins among the ice-floes in May, and ends in autumn through shortness of water, fogs, or frost. A railway between the two seas from Poti to Tiflis and the good harbour of Baku will be an incalculable help to the commerce between East and West.

Tartars, Armenians, and Persians are numerous in Astrakhan. If the former continue successful in effecting a cross with the Georgians, may we not hope for fewer of the tiny eyes and almost imperceptible noses, and more of such high qualities as mark the Kazan Tartars in the offices and hotels of St. Petersburg and Moscow? Since Persia ruled the countries west of the Caspian, the snivelling Persian merchant tracks the steps of trade, and the sturdy Persian labourer finds employ where the less able Russian or the less willing native often grumble and starve.

The voyage from Astrakhan to the sea steamer is most tedious. During the night the fiery tail of sparks from the chimney of the tug steamer leads the way, and the day reveals nothing but boundless swamps with banks of reeds. Pelicans, cormorants, and other sea-fowl occasionally pass; an outlying island station requires a lengthy call; and then we steer for a speck on the horizon which in the course of time proves to be the *Prince Constantine*, a good paddle-steamer of perhaps 700 tons, which after some four hours' work receives her cargo. A glorious night on a gently rolling sea was followed by a fresh morning. The traveller from Russia looks out for the first sign of mountains—at the foot of brown craggy hills lie the white houses, the barracks and the pier of Petrovsk. The time of year was recommendable rather for convenience and health than with regard to the aspects of nature. Probably every part of the Russian dominions needs all of "May" it can get to give it a charm to the Western visitor. I found throughout Southern Russia the steppe and all but the highest uplands alike brown and bare and void of the picturesque; but on the other hand the

weather was for three months never unfriendly, and the roads and rivers never *inconvenables*. Petrovsk is mostly modern. The new harbour ought to become very useful, being the only one north of Baku; but from the style of progress in works and in trade the engineer may well be glad of all the compliments he gets. After looking over two neat old forts and a fine new lighthouse, I was anxious to be on the way to Temir-khan-shura, the capital of the district, there to present an introduction to the governor, and to learn what sort of a journey I could make to Tiflis. (I had utterly failed in seeking information about Daghestan, excepting from Ussher's *London to Persepolis*.) A *diligence*—a sort of omnibus—was assigned as a favour (instead of the renowned little boat on four wheels—telega—the representative vehicle of the Russian post, which figures in every English book on Russia), and the anticipated experience of "urging the inevitable *paracloznaia* over the interminable steppe" was deferred. The horn blew loud, and the four horses abreast galloped off.

For the first stage the route skirted the foot of the hills, their shadows then varied by a finely-clouded sky. To the right was a boundless level—the steppe. The driver goes where are the fewest inequalities in the ground, and where a track is made in the dried herbage. After passing some cultivated patches of the ungracious looking soil, Kumkurtale is approached. It is about fourteen miles from Petrovsk, and on a cliff overlooking the stream which flows down from 'Shura. The houses are all of mud—as in many Eastern countries—solid and durable as the "cob" of Devonshire. Some corn was being gathered in small stacks by the homes or on their roofs; in another place oxen drawing a chair on wheels were being urged round the thickly-strewn threshing-floor. With a fresh team a start was soon made, and novelties drew attention on either hand. The road here turned down into the valley, following it right up into the mountain country, stumbling along and across the rugged river bed. Here was a walled vineyard with its "tower" in the corner, there a field of maize, a corn field, or a garden, with the life-giving irrigation, showing the native thrift of the sons of the soil. After an hour's jolting a plateau is reached, which commands striking panoramas of the peaky, rocky hills, and valleys which mark the approach to this "mountain-land"—Dagh-estan. Sandstone is the prevailing formation, and sometimes

very picturesque. A village — ául — is passed every few miles, and one learns often to recognize its presence by the cemetery-hill, with its crowd of rude monuments and high upright stones, which may catch the eye long before the flat brown tops of the snugly-set houses. The countenances and style of the people are the greatest contrast to either Russian or Kalmuk, recalling one's ideal of a race of mountaineers. One may feel it almost an honour to be looked at by the grand large eyes of the boys. Long strings of carts are passed on the road, the drivers generally wearing the massive cone of white, black or brown sheepskin — the hat of the Caucasians. The last ául before reaching the town is perhaps as picturesque placed as any in Daghestan, the old Tartar keep overhanging its village and its gardens; barest hills around, on which the sun is just setting, and one wonders what an evening was like up in that tower fifty years ago, when the levelling Christian Russ had not placed his foot on the land, and when feud and fight were the life of the people. Again the horn is blown, and we are impelled at the utmost speed of Russian etiquette, through the fortifications of the Russian town, up a street which seems a mixture of tree-trunks, dried mud, and stones. Here it may be indeed well to try to make some virtue of the necessity of taking things as one finds them. The traveller's position in a *diligence* is really like that of "a pea in a rattle." He learns to *hold on* as the victim of the Russian post must do, especially when leaving or nearing a station.

In the darkness we turn out at the "Hotel Gúniß" — the chief tavern of the town — kept by an Armenian, as is usual in Caucasian countries; and the darkness inside renders an entry a matter of time. On reaching the first floor — where are generally the principal rooms, the chambers, billiard-room and dining-room — we find some little glass petroleum lamps (the same that do duty in doors and out anywhere within a thousand miles this side of the oil wells of Baku). Presently a waiter opens the tall, creaky Russian-like doors of the better apartments; by "strong representations" we obtain some leather mattresses to mitigate the boarded bedsteads or couches, which with a few stools are the sole furniture. Earthenware may be borrowed as a favour, though the Russian ablutions are usually done out of doors, the water being poured on the hands, Oriental-wise. Thirty miles of very unaccustomed shaking indisposed one

to criticize long or severely the circumstances of the new quarters.

The next morning was sunny, and I soon turned out to see if there might be anything pleasing or interesting in the little capital of Northern Daghestan. Temir-khan-shura numbers about two thousand souls, and a similar number of soldiers were stationed there under canvas on a hill-side. The residence of Prince George-adzi, the governor, the summer house of Prince Melikov, and the extensive barracks are stone-built, white-washed, and roofed with the Russian sheet-iron or tiles. Nearly all the other buildings are entirely wooden (unless the roofs be in some cases thatched), painted white and green, or more often unpainted. The streets are quite unpaved, excepting *à la corduroy* near the town gates, with white lamp posts at the corners, and relieved by rows of Lombardy poplars. My servant ascertained that the governor was on a tour of inspection in his district, but was expected home in two or three days.

This delay was vexing. Though Gúniß — the celebrated stronghold of Shamyl — was my proximate object, I was dependent on Prince George-adzi for information and letters to help me to make such journey to Tiflis as might promise most of interest. And so necessity, added to courtesy, caused a stay of four days before making further progress towards the great mountains. In one of the chief shops were a few comestibles, doubtless supposed to be choice samples of Western civilization — most prominent being the ubiquitous and representative "Reading Biscuits." The inevitable "photographer," here as in almost every other town announced on a large board, was unable to supply any views of landscape or building. German though he generally is in Caucasus, I never, except at Tiflis, could obtain the pictures the traveller usually likes to gather *en route*. Most evenings there was good billiard playing at the hotel between the officers, natives especially.

The country around Shura was hilly and broken, brown and treeless. On the north side of the town the river rushes at the foot of high sandstone cliffs, on the crest of which are some old forts. Not far off is a Russian cemetery, containing the damaged tombs of several officers. One evening we spent with a German settler in the valley, where he has a very good orchard and a mill, besides a brewery. From the aspect of things in general, I did not wonder at his expressing a wish to sell out and leave the country, though his



motives might be more social than commercial, for he assured us the goodwill of his beer-houses in the town was no trifle. His ale hardly reached the standard of the bright, light, fragrant "Astrakhanski pivo," which is the emulation of brewers and drinkers in East Caucasus.

On Saturday, August 15 (O. S.), I witnessed the service of the last day of the Feast of the Assumption. The first day I had spent among the throng of worshippers at the many churches and shrines at "Holy Trinity," near Moscow. Here, on the outskirts as it were of the Russian Church and the Russian realm, the observances were fully attended. The Church is prominent, placed in the midst of a square, and is coloured over outside with red ochre. It was crowded, and the memorial and symbolical adjuncts of the altar were nearly obscured by dense incense. The next morning the marketplace in the native quarter was alive with peasants of all sorts and ages, dealing chiefly in fruits and corn. I bargained for some different kinds of grapes at about a penny a pound, and found them fairly good.

My last evening at 'Shura was spent most profitably with a distinguished officer stationed there for a short time, I believe for scientific purposes. He was a Finn — had been in Chodsko's expedition in Armenia, and was one of those who mounted Ararat — so apparently felt entitled to speak jauntily of climbers with whom he feared scientific observations were a secondary matter. He had been colouring maps of a great part of Caucasus, to distinguish the many tribes (some of which are limited to a single village), and the varied dialects and different languages current between the Caspian and Black Seas. He was a real philologist — knew English, too, though, like several Russians, especially ladies, he would not talk it, through ignorance of our pronunciation. The governor I found gracious, as Russian officers are always represented to be. He did not speak French, so my interpreter-servant from Moscow was required as a medium. He advised the frequented route from Gunib to Vialikavkaz and Tiflis, rather than straight over the high mountains by Telav, and gave me letters to all the authorities on the way. He assigned as escort and interpreter as far as Gunib a brave officer of the native militia — Abdullah — lately high in the service of Shamyl. I went to the post-office and gave a letter to the master — the last I could post before reaching the capital —

its address required in Russian as well as English, that it might be read and registered.

Late in the afternoon we rode out of Temir-khan-shura, and for fourteen miles rode slowly southwards, mostly in the shades of a serene evening. The roar of grasshoppers alone disturbed the stillness. We soon left the Caspian road which leads to Derbem, and on our way passed some large villages; one of them, they said, more populous than the town. The religious exercises of our leader caused more than one protracted delay. His Mahometanism I may observe was Sunni, the Shia forms of the faith are nearly confined to the coast and other districts formerly under Persian rule. About nine o'clock we turned into the Government house at Jengutai, and the dirty divan in the chief room was assigned for my repose. The journey was resumed by starlight. Passing out of the village a cemetery was on either hand, and in each was a cluster of the people awaiting the dawn in attitudes of devotion. I was afterwards repeatedly impressed with this practice, and more than once noticed the like observance also with Russians on ship-board.

The country was not poor, the soil being very light and not shallow, and generally cropped with maize and buckwheat. Villages lined the route at short intervals — winding between the houses in these áuls was sometimes not easy or agreeable. The people and animals were turning out for the day — the men and women appear generally to share the work — then they were reaping the barley, stacking it, or laying out the bundles on a threshing-floor; in other directions they were to be heard urging the cattle at plough. The road throughout to Gunib was in course of improvement: bridges, little and big, being built, pretty thoroughly too. The old route of eighty-four miles from 'Shura (described by Mr. Ussher in his *London to Persepolis* in 1833) will be rather shortened. Mine was of some fifty-eight miles, leading through the mountain gorges.

We left the road, taking a long steep climb, from the summit of which is a very extensive view of the 'Shura hill country. The south side overlooked a very deep set ául — Ainyaki. For the descent it was quite necessary to dismount, and my horse, once in the village, soon led the way to a house, which proved to be Abdullah's home. There I was soon occupied in clearing a plate of small raw hen eggs, and was the subject of much regard by children on neighbouring roofs, and by the host's two

little ones. Putting my spectacles on the boy, he went off with them to his mother, who was preparing a repast which she and Abdullah produced with the graceful manners characteristic of the Mussulmans of the country. An hour in the quiet and in the dark was afterwards refreshing. I found a "siesta" was usual after dinner with all classes in Caucasus — Russian and native. This Abdullah received from the late Emperor one of the (re-captured) Russian flags which Shamyl had taken. The great conflict seemed very recent, and one could hardly imagine the best part of the men we see having been deadly enemies to Russia, and now even acting as showmen in Shamyl's head-quarters.

The mountains here were of chalk and limestone, the strata rising towards the south, as I have heard does Daghestan generally, the *steeps* being on the south side of the main range, overhanging Kakhetia. The exit from Aimyaki is through a strange, lofty, jagged "gate." We followed a brook for perhaps four miles, having often a thousand feet of precipice on each side, and sometimes the space at top as narrow as the river bed along which we made our way. The rock formation, I thought, rendered the scenery more striking than the similar gorges in Switzerland, Tyrol, and North Dovrefield — more broken, rocky, and ridgy. Before reaching the main valley of the Kazikoisu, a *contretemps* caused some diversion, the path being covered with water through a miller making extra "pen." Where the cliffs were four or five yards apart all was water for more than twice that distance. The lad who had charge of the horses went first, and the "yukha" (baggage horse) next — that missed footing on the narrow path where the water was not two feet deep, and threatened soon to submerge itself. However, Abdullah managed to get it through without my baggage being seriously wetted. I went next, and my horse tumbled, but soon scrambled out. The horses revenged themselves in a fashion by treading down the banks of the miller's dam in crossing it.

Passing through a considerable *aúl* — Gergebil — where maize was growing in great luxuriance, with plenty of trees and crops, we crossed the Kazikoisu by a strong bridge, the river running far below, confined by the rock strata to a precisely straight course for several hundred feet. The valley seemed filled with hills of boulder, covered or tufted with grass. As the road approaches the mountain on the other side the valley, it passes vast piles of this boulder deposit. The latter seems

packed along the north side of the mountain, the strata of which rises vertically from one to two thousand feet above the bed of the Karakoisu — the Gunib stream. The road through the mighty defile of this river is in a notch perhaps half-way up the cliff. The sides are often too abrupt to allow a view of the water: they vary from fifty feet to a mile in distance from the towering crags opposite. After a broad valley the mountains again close in on the road. The latter ascends considerably to where the stream coming down from Gunib is spanned by a light iron lattice bridge which carries the road to Khunzakh. Thence the white house of the governor at Gunib is visible, high on a prominent crag. The main direction of the road is nearly straight, and also level, though the actual distance is nearly trebled by the incessant windings caused by gullies and lateral valleys. An officer *en route* from St. Petersburg to Gunib kept company for an hour or two. He had left 'Shura that morning, and on his way had had a ducking in the mill-stream. His white pony held on its way better than our caravan, at the waddling trot which is liked in this country. Daylight was gone long ere we reached the bridge which introduces to the zigzags of Gunib. Many lights on the mountain side had shown where we were, and gradually we found ourselves among them.

The governor's reception was most cordial, and the apologies profuse for a disarrangement of the establishment caused by the preparations for the visit of the Viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, then on a progress through Daghestan. I found myself violating a maxim of Russian travel — never to be just before or after a great man; and afterwards on the post road I was two or three times hindered for hours through the horses being requisitioned for the imperial *cortège*. I was soon desired to join a few officers who were invited to sup with a general of engineers. The latter was on a tour of inspection of the barracks and other military works in the district. The party was a pleasant one, for all could speak French or German, and the engineer had lately been on an expedition to the country east of the Caspian. He had visited the high, bare Balkan hills, and produced his sketch book and notes. The new Russian *colonia* there, Krasnovodsk, is costly, for there is very little in the neighbourhood to support it, but it is hoped it will be useful in the Government system of Western Turkestan. A special steamer maintains the communication with Baku on the opposite coast.

Next morning I was conducted, by two handsome officers of the mounted native militia, around Gunib. The town is on the side of the mountain mass which bears the name, and at the only point which is not precipitous, and therefore accessible. Above the town are yet more zigzags, and the road is generally supported by walls or arches. The barracks and upper fortifications seemed considerable, for the force stationed there was a battalion (1,000 men). The fastness of Gunib is about 33 miles round, and the objection to it as a fortress is its extent. The interior is much depressed, and a deep gorge carries off the numerous streams towards the town. This rent appears water-worn in places, and at a height which struck me as far above the possible level of any glut which could now be furnished by the surrounding slopes. Shamyl's dismantled village is in the midst of the uplands. His house is tenanted to keep it up; it is similar to all other houses in the country, but has a noticeable little watch tower and stone gateway. Here two stupid, ugly children, dressed in loose blue cloths like women, took hold of me, and, besides two ugly black sheep with the fat tails, were the only signs of life. From this house Shamyl went down the valley to meet his conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, in a birchwood by the road within sight of his home. An open building, its roof supported by eight pillars, and perhaps four yards square, covers the spot where formally ended Shamyl's twenty-seven years' war against Russia. A stone on which the Viceroy sat bears the date of the chieftain's submission—4 P.M. August 28, 1859.

We followed for a few miles the windings of a road, in course of construction, up to a newly made tunnel: a route which materially shortens the distance from Gunib town to Karadakh, the next garrison fort in the west. The Russian soldiers on the work were numerous, digging, stone-breaking, and building. They had extemporized huts from the haycocks. They were just then at their mid-day chief meal, which was, as elsewhere, vegetable broth, with coarse bread and a shred of meat. The outer end of the tunnel suddenly reveals one of the wildest and grandest prospects in the country, and overlooks a very deep and precipitous valley, the descent to which is by many zigzags. At the governor's to dinner, besides his wife, a cultivated lady from Georgia, and her elder children, were the supper party of the previous evening.

Gunib is a "crack" station, but living is costly. I noticed many officers there. It is a sanatorium for invalided members of the Government services. The rocks are apt to be loose, and the ways in the town are very irregular, and dangerous in the dark; several soldiers get thrown down or crushed in the course of a year.

The Russian soldiers are always at work, at least in Caucasus. Here they seemed to do everything. Their clothes are well worn and patched; uniforms are not always worn in Caucasus—sometimes an officer's old white coat is donned instead of the grey—but always the cap and long boot, without which a man is hardly a Russian. A plateau in the midst of the town is useful for drill. It was formerly fortified, and a curious collection of field pieces and other artillery, native, Russian, and Persian, is now set out by the church. The latter building is a first and principal consideration with the Russian at home or abroad, and on effecting an occupation the conqueror or colonist has been said to declare, "We never give up consecrated ground!"

The next day I rode and strolled about the long slopes of pasture, and mounted to the crest, which rises almost like the edge of a saucer. The wild flowers were yet more plentiful than before, though I did not recognize any which are not familiar in Bedfordshire. The rainy season here is in the three months which end in July, so the vegetation was fresher than in the same latitude in the Pyrenees. The grasshoppers were countless and noisy, brilliant green, black and red, yellow, and yellow-green. On and off for an hour or two my attention was taken by a kind of broken net-work over the sky—immense flights of cranes coming from the Caspian southward. The panorama from Gunib is very extensive and very impressive. Down below the wonderful precipices on the southern edge were the tiny fields of the fertile valley, the pairs of oxen just discernible drawing their loads. A large part of the main range of East Caucasus was visible, with patches of snow on the higher parts only. Countless great summits jagged the southern horizon, but neither the extreme right nor left revealed the longed-for peak of Shebulos or Basardjusi. Between was spread a chaos of mountain land, cleft irregularly, and presenting no marked ridges or open valleys. The northward prospect from Gunib shows how the country breaks down towards the steppes—the Tshetshian forests shading its limits in that direction—

forests connected with woeful memories of slaughtered columns of invaders. The commanding heights immediately to the east I had hoped to climb, while waiting a few days for an expected good chance of striking across the wild high country straight for Tiflis; but being taken with a diarrhoea, I gave a day to rest, and another vainly to laudanum, then started westward one evening for Karadakh, *via* the tunnel and the valley below it I had looked into. The country to the south has been little visited, even by Russians. I was told it would be difficult and dangerous to cross it, except in quiet weather, and with a full supply of food and covering, there being little population, and the tracks tedious and rocky in the extreme. The charms of the route afterwards took combine varieties of forest and cultivated vegetation, with crags and steeps probably nearly equal in scale to those of the undescribed districts.

Taking leave of my bountiful entertainers, I quitted their mansion and traversed the great mountain of Gunib for the last time, descending on the contrary side to the town by the new exit to the deep valley. For several versts we took a doubtful course along a stony little river bed, sometimes nearly grown up with bushes, while the evening shades soon confined the view. It became too dark to distinguish the coal-seams in the cliff, which the Russian work by adits. We could have no communication with our guide, he, like other natives, knowing no speech but that of his congeners: and we found ourselves bitterly deceived by a six hour's ride having been described as consisting of as many miles, the latter being indeed barely the length of the direct line. The moon rising on the left revealed in front a cliff of some 600 or 800 feet, with a narrow rift in the direction of our march. At the bottom of this was the stream, and utter darkness. Some soldiers — Finns — sleeping on huts at the entrance of the passage, recommended us to stay there; but as they said the fort was but three versts beyond, I went on. My timid courier, whose breeding was of Homburg, Baden, and Paris, abhorred such journeying; and his dislike of my tour was nearly equalled by his dislike of the taste that chose its pleasure in such a country. We dismounted, and splashed along the bed of the stream in the dark for nearly a quarter of a mile. The top of the ravine was straighter and narrower than the bottom. The view looking out at each end was very striking. It was eleven before the Karadagh fort

was reached farther down the valley, and I was vexed to be obliged to call up the officer in charge. After some delay he kindly prepared us lodging and supper. The host was a devout old peasant soldier of thirty-five years' service, who had been promoted repeatedly in consequence of bravery in the Crimean war. Such honour has been unusual in the Russian army, the full flock of nobility being largely dependent on the State for "relief" in the form of appointments. Almost every evening of my journey I could follow in the first conversation enquiries as to what we each were, our route, and about the events and probabilities of the war. Now I had to interrupt this, for, not knowing if the remaining thirty versts to Khunzakh might prove ninety, I was determined on rest without delay, and an early start.

The morning rose fresh, bright, and hot. Forward the valley was wider and a little cultivated. After miles of laborious zigzags the road emerges on a very elevated poor pasturage, where were pretty little sheep and goats of all colours. In a depression lay the large new fortress, barracks, and village of Khunzakh. The mountains around were bare and wild: though the strata were broken, they offered no striking feature excepting one square solitary mass rising from a valley on the left, which had caught my eye all the morning. The valleys of this country are probably between five and seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and the heights not often three thousand feet above them. Many soldiers were at the unfinished works building and banking; several were dousing in the pools and waterfalls of a torrent close by.

Here again the governor and his lady proved assiduous and cordial entertainers, and I was glad of rest. The table was supplied by some variety of meats, as well as of fruits and vegetables. Besides household decorations, I was struck with ornamental cups, plates, and sticks carved from a red root, and bearing designs in imbedded silver points. The long day's journey hence was by a toilsome route, and one on which travellers are occasionally molested. I was favoured with the company of a young officer, lieutenant to the governor of Botlikh, the next lodging place. He was a Mahometan, belonging to one of the old territorial families of this the country of the Avars. He had been in the military academy at St. Petersburg, and his intelligence and polish, in addition to his general appearance, gave one the impression of a cultivated genial German. I

was again and again struck with a superiority in the Tartar blood of Kazan, in the few old Tartar families of Poland, and in the Tartar and other stocks in East Caucasus, all of them retaining more or less strictly their ancient faith and worship, thanks to the restrictive jealousy which the Russian State so wisely bears towards its Church.

We journeyed for some hours on the elevated pasture land, not unfrequently crossing rills and streams which support the herbage for numbers of sheep and horses. The herdsman, whether on foot or on horseback, is a curious object in the Caucasian landscape; his bourka like a conical roof obscuring the man, or perhaps supporting his "chimney-pot"—the massive upright cylindrical hat of sheepskin. This bourka is his one protection against cold and wet; a stiff round cloak made of a thick coat of cow's hair, felted on the inner side. It is made similarly to the woolen felt for tents (the kibtaks of the Tartars), which is a quarter of an inch or more thick, and almost impervious to heat, cold, or damp. The best bourkas are made in this neighbourhood, and the price at a fair is about twenty shillings. I afterwards noticed many loads of them *en route* for the towns of the steppe.

Curiosity led me to enter a little mill which stood by the way. It was a mud box, perhaps six feet in height and width, the length being rather greater; the water entering on one side, a dashing mill race coming from under it on the other, and some dust of the trade marking the doorway. The "honest miller" was represented by two children—they shovelled barley into the hollowed tree-stem from which the stones were supplied; the meal descended into a similar trough, out of which the sacks were filled, and then put ready for the farmer's donkey. The little mill stones were apparently just above the primitive turbine or radial water-wheel, which was under the floor, a single shaft sufficing, while the water, conducted down a steep enclosed spout, impelled the spokes of the wheel by its velocity.

The day wore on as we passed the abrupt bare brows which overlook the next large valley. We sought rest in a village below; and unpinning the door of a good cottage, we found a tidy, shady room. The occupants were away; there were earthen bottles on the floor, and a table, in the drawer of which were a Koran and a Mecca passport, common signs of a Moslem home. We started on down

steep chalky crags to the bank of the river—a *kara koiu* they called it—and a *black water* it was, opaque with the washings of its upper course. A grassy orchard of peach, apple, and vine was an agreeable and refreshing resting place for the delayed midday meal. After much time was lost in waiting for the needed relay of horses, we followed a good road up the left bank of the river for many miles. Crowds of natives were passed; many were returning from their meadows with asses loaded with hay, the slight burden being placed in panniers or in a capacious frame which bestrode the little beast like a letter W. The sun set behind mountains to the right, and thunder and lightning threatened in front, deepening the frowns of a most wild and precipitous defile. The mountains here are very abrupt, and the dangerousness of the road, which hardly finds its broken way, often at a height of 100 or 200 feet above the stream, renders the journey more striking.

Before reaching the village of Tlokh some curious salt works are passed. Saline streams issue from the foot of the mountain, and are caught in earth pans or tanks (for filtration and evaporation) just before entering the river. They extend for a quarter of a mile along the side of the road. Wending through the ragged little village we suddenly mounted in single file one of Shamyl's bridges, a fragile structure of fir trees. Each course of logs jutted endwise beyond the preceding one, and successively overhanging the abyss from either side, slanted upwards towards the apex, where a rather doubtful bond was maintained between the unwilling timbers. Soon after this we reached a place where the road had fallen, so had to make a round by a large village (Lakhelli) set on a rocky declivity. The way through the place was under houses and rocks, for near 300 yards of dark passages. Emerging, strong moonlight showed the very broad, stony bed of a torrent which was to be crossed. The Karasu was last crossed by an English-made iron bridge near the abandoned fatal fever-stricken fort of Preobrajenski. Some of Shamyl's vast mountain wall is here observable. It was constructed of loose stones only, and about the height of a man; its wandering course sometimes marked by a little embrasure or rude battery.

We pulled up at the governor's house at Botlikh by nine o'clock, and received a good supper and quarters. It was sultry.



I paced the stone terrace of the mansion for some time waiting for the yukhn, which was belated, and watching the lightning playing over the bare mountains in front. As my course was now northward toward the steppe, and Tifis was behind me, I wanted to push on and get over the détour. My kind conductor of the previous day started us in the morning with two old native militia, Jesus and Mahomet. The latter proved chatty—not that we knew Russian, but we very often exchanged looks and signs, and sometimes sweetmeats. It is interesting to try to convey feelings, ideas, and facts without using the tongue, and surely in no part of this world is it so necessary as in this polyglot land, where a native can hardly make himself understood when he has crossed a mountain or followed a stream for twenty miles.

Winding and climbing up for some hours, we left the walnut trees and cornfields far below. Before finishing the ascent we were caught in a heavy rain cloud. I took refuge in a haystack; the escort untied their bourkas from their saddles, and unfolding them quietly awaited the sunshine, which was flitting over the slopes before us. We had rich views of valley, mountains, and clouds. The little broken plain of Botlikh is very picturesque, and I should think very fruitful. The temperature was much lower at top; the bright green, grassy, rolling hills, and soon a bright blue lake—the first and almost the only one I saw during my whole tour—were refreshing to mind and body after bare hill-sides and confined valleys. My watch has been useful in lonely situations to tell the time for midday prayers. This day the halt was with several herdsmen, who were minding their cattle, sheep, or horses. My nag lost a stirrup in rolling on the soft grass, and the search for it prolonged our delay. We again ascended green slopes, and on a ridge perhaps more than 7,000 feet high were for some minutes in biting wind and rain. Getting under the clouds another valley opened before us, with fields of corn, which our horses were eager to taste, and, beyond, a village of the usual sort, with a large tower in the middle. The latter is generally square in this country, and in height from twenty to fifty feet. A few more versts and we were glad to find comfort in the white tents of the little camp set just above the second Forelno lake. The name is from the trout (forel), which is taken by line. The captain in charge was a Pole, and so we were heartily entertained. Outside, dismal mists alternated with driving rains.

The next day was the last of mountain and horseback in Daghestan—no more ascending. The kind Pole and his aide, a captain of engineers, accompanied us for two or three hours along the irregular rocky shore of the lake, which was perhaps as beautiful as it could be without tree or bush; then on the line of a new road to Viden, which they were constructing. Natives were at work with the soldiers, and the task was in many parts laborious and tedious. We witnessed one blasting and the echo, and were afterwards several times unpleasantly near to the flying fragments from explosions far above. All the processes and stages of road-making (blasting, digging, levelling, and metalling) were witnessed, for all the day's journey was along the new route, and often bad enough. Where the work required was slight the way seemed finished, but where the mountain side presented a precipice there was merely a notch, perhaps hardly so wide as the horse's body. On the open uplands people were chopping the herbage, which here included a great variety of not very esculent growths. They were screaming and chanting as though to the eagles, and always ready to talk with the passer-by. Then at last came the view of the distant steppe, and in the foreground of the grand prospect were charming great green slopes, studded with bushes and trees. A long steep descent among mountain ash, acacia, and sycamore, led to a warm wooded valley, which traverses the great forest border of Daghestan, here about twenty-five miles wide. Four miles farther, across meadows, by the side of a rippling stream, lay Viden. This place consists of a strong white wall, enclosing a square of mud, trees, and houses—stagnant ditches surround the dwellings, and after what we have heard of fever in more auspicious places, I did not much relish a night in what appeared, from the recent rains, like an enclosed marsh.

The next day's journey of forty miles, mostly level, was interesting for little save as a contrast with what we had passed before. The mode of travelling was by veritable paracloznaia, the rudest little wagon with a bit of hay for protection in the jolts. (The vehicle is "telega," the mode of travelling, or the "turn-out" itself, is termed either "paracloznaia," or if, as usual, drawn by three horses, "troika.") The destination was Grosnai, a fortified town and Russian settlement on the road between the Caspian Sea and Vladikavkaz. The Viden valley is clothed throughout with foliage, and the windings



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of the route sometimes lead through a sultry wood, with dense undergrowth, soon opening again on a prospect enhanced by river and rocks. Each verst is marked by a burnt tree, and there yet remain some of the sentry stations perched on a scaffold perhaps ten yards high. The forenoon halt for breakfast was at the foot of Arsinoe, where the valley debouches on the plain. Southward some mountain snows gleamed in the sun. Yellow hollyhocks were splendid among the brushwood of the open country. There were filberts and hops, the largest I ever saw, and the wilderness was made up of elders and a spiny bush with large yellow berries.

A few miles before Grosnai we heard the roar of water, and found ourselves near an expanse of rocks and stones—the bed of the Argou—an indefinite width, but doubtless often covered for half a mile. We crossed with some difficulty; there were three streams, the last nearly a yard deep. In the deepest part some buffaloes, drawing a heavy cartload with some people a-top, were stubbornly enjoying the water, as, indeed, they are apt to under such circumstances. We crossed the river Sunsha by a large bridge, and after a long drive through the ragged-looking town, found some very fair quarters in an inn kept by a Jew. He was attentive, and appeared more to advantage on a week day than on Sabbath,\* which was the morrow, and which he observed by an extra exhilaration of wodka. We also left on that day, and perhaps he was the less agreeable from objecting on principle to parting with customers on the day of rest.

Here we really did encounter the stir caused by the imperial progress, the Grand Duke Michael, Viceroy of Caucasia, being expected at Grosnai next morning. The first thing in preparing for a journey by the Russian post is the "padarojnia," or order for horses, for there is trouble and delay in getting it, excepting in small places. My servant was occupied for hours in vainly seeking the needed authorities; they were away, or inaccessible. The chief of the governor's staff, a mighty German, was kind, but hopeless of our getting on even if we found horses for the first stage. He promptly and precisely gave us the news of Sedan, which (my courier being a German) made us both for the

time almost indifferent to our difficulties. I repeatedly found the best news of the war from the German officers in the Russian service, who had direct telegrams frequently.

The next morning rose clear and hot. All—natives and Russians—were agog, and absorbed with the imminent advent of their ruler. I had walked through part of the dreary town—dreary because, Russian-like, it seemed spread over the greatest possible space—and having passed the northern gate and its draw-bridge, was strolling among the waiting groups and the soldiers, and the forty or fifty horses which were brought in readiness to gallop off with the *cortège*. Sundry ranks of Cossack cavalry were there to give effect to the reception, arrayed in their full uniform, the long black coats trimmed with red, blue, or white. Soon after the expected time six carriages, each drawn by five or six horses, tore through the town, and pulled up abruptly, followed by the Grosnai staff. The Grand Duke alighted, and received several papers. Romanov-like, he is large, dignified, and pleasing. He wore then the plain white linen coat and flat cap of the "service." Many were the salutations, while music added to the rather singular effect of the scene. Horses were soon changed, and all dashed off into the plain. Through the courteous attention of the German officer, padarojnia and horses too were soon at the inn, and early in the afternoon we had succeeded in making two stages towards Vladikavkaz. Then we were caught, two other parties being already in the same fix; and from the clearance of post and other horses which were used or retained along the imperial route for draught and display, it was absurd for travellers to be even impatient.

The village was, like most others on the route, well planted, mostly with poplar and acacia, and surrounded by a quadrangle of mud wall, capped with the common *chevaux de frise* of thorn bushes pegged down on the inside. I amused myself for the first time with spelling out the entries in the postmaster's journal, which is attached by string and seal to its desk. After a wait which seemed less weary to the Russians than to the Englishman, a "fare" arrived from the westward; and we succeeded by a little money and a little self-assertiveness in getting the starost, or master of the station, to give us at once the returning vehicle. The post rules do not allow travellers to use a team, except after it has been a certain time in the stable. As several stages forward were farmed by

\* Curious that Russia is the only Christian country where the Jew finds his designation of the seventh day current. The first day is "Resurrection," the seventh "Sabbath," the rest of the week numbered.

the same man, we paid in advance, taking a receipt, which amounted to a "through ticket." Not the least advantage of this was the avoidance of the need of carrying change. The currency required in post journeys in the Russian dominions being one-rouble notes and copper (even the recent debased small silver being scarce in some districts), the quantity used of the latter is great; indeed, I have repeatedly started in the morning with as much as a pound's worth of five-kopec pieces, and before paying the last stage of a long day's travel feared lest I might have to part with a rouble (2s. 6d.) to cover a few odd kopecks in the charge. With three white horses we careered over the dry light soil and the dust-covered weeds. The country was uninteresting, meagrely cultivated, though a stanitz or village of a thousand or two people occurred every four or six miles.

The Sunsha was in the plain to the left, and to the right a low range of hills formed the horizon. The golden "hunter's" moon rose exactly behind us ere the long stage was ended, and when the journey was resumed its disk, then silvery, was just on our faces. The postmaster was in that objective mood to which enforced laziness and other ungenial circumstances frequently reduce his illiterate class. The tendering influence of a quarter rouble in acknowledgment for the candle and hot water for tea soon brought him to, and also insured horses before dawn. The Russian post-house affords rooms with wooden benches or couches. All provisions are carried, but fire and water can generally be had for a gratuity. For the last stage or two the mountains were in full view, many bold peaks clothed in snow. Afterwards the significant Russian churches rose in the foreground. Vladikavkaz seemed interminable, but passing one rambling street after another, we reached "Gostinnitza Noitaki" — an hotel well kept by a Greek named Noitaki. After being really blackened by the prairie dust a wash was not a short business, and it behoved a stranger to turn out in his "best," considering the beavies of smart people who were doing honour to a high day. There was a muster of troops and much music.

This town — the "Key of the Caucasus" — occupies both banks of the Terek, where it issues from the Dariel pass into the open country. It is at equal distances from the two seas, and has a large share of the traffic passing from one to the other, as well as of the intercourse between Russia proper

and Transcaucasia, the Dariel being in point of fact almost the only road between Europe and Asia. Vladikavkaz is obviously important as a military position, and is the head-quarters of a large force, which, with its officers and other Government attaches, imparts some gaiety and bustle to the place. Parallel with the river is a boulevard a mile long; the Government buildings in it are handsome, and many other structures of brick are rising, including a theatre. The Terek is often a dangerous neighbour, although its sides are rocky; it has destroyed several bridges, and is spanned now by a good iron one, and by another, a mile lower, of wood. When not in clouds the mountains yield an imposing view from hence, and the river rattling over its stony bed brings a cooler air towards the plains.

I was so lucky as to find a Northamptonshire gentleman and his family, from whom I learnt much, chatting in English too as I did not again for many weeks. He is a Government architect, and showed me photographs of baths and other buildings he had erected, both at Piatigorsk and Vladikavkaz. Among the callers at his house I was struck with the juxtaposition of a true Georgian beauty and a young Polish Mussulman — the very finest eyebrows, nose, and complexion, facing the plain, intelligent visage, and small dark features of the Tartar pedigree.

For company and economy my courier sought some one with whom I could agree to share a good tarantas for the hundred and thirty miles hence to Tiflis. An old colonel was found lodging on the side of the boulevard opposite to Noitaki's who was waiting for some one to join him. He had a carriage, and its wheels were being re-tired, for they had come direct from Vologda, and previously from Archangel! His family were at the Caucasian capital, and he was naturally anxious to finish his ride. I was ready to appreciate the roomy, easy accommodation of the tarantas, after roughing it in the telega of the ordinary traveller. The former is a capacious and hooded body, with room to lie down in, and placed on two long bearers, which are not too thick to allow of some spring. The ends of these rest on the axles. Such is the vehicle of those who travel far, and who can afford to lay out from 30*l.* to 60*l.* at the commencement of the journey. By that arrangement baggage has not to be changed at the post stations, the small charge at every stage for the use of the telega is avoided, and a private bed is secured for that rest which, whether travel-



ling by night or not, to all but the toughest is needful in a week's journey, and indispensable in a Siberian continuous post journey of thirty days and nights. The charge for horses is the same whether supplied to the private tarantas or the telega of the post service, unless, indeed, the stage be hard or hilly, when the postmaster adds to the team, and the owner of a big carriage has to pay extra though the pace, perhaps, be a walking one, and he himself walk too. The private carriage, as in other European countries, bears a charge at the toll-bars, which occur on the better roads.

We trotted out of Vladikavkaz by a good chaussée, which, with the grand station-houses, was chiefly the work of the late Prince Voronov. The shadows were lengthening and gloom slowly enwrapped the massive heights as we drew near them. The Terek was on the left, and before reaching the first station we found the road washed away by it, so the horses had to make their way for some distance over the wide waste of stones which the torrent often suddenly includes in its dreary domain. Lara, the second station, is closely surrounded by the mountains. We stayed the night there; the house and the stables were handsome, well built of hewn stone, and spacious. Besides the reasonable fittings to a room of sound windows and floor, we found chairs and tables and good wooden couches, on which one's rugs and pillows may be appreciated even better than in a tarantas. The style of the route seemed to indicate an approach to the capital (different, indeed, I afterwards found were the three other routes from east, south, and west, to Tiflis). The horses, however, we understood, have been a constant exception; overworked and underfed, they were a disgrace to the post. Five were attached to the carriage next morning; on whipping them up at starting they fell at once in a heap, and eventually seemed but able to draw the vehicle without us.

The scene grew more grand where the road crosses to the right bank of the river, and rises for once to some height above it. Putting aside the extravagant language of Ker Porter, and also of more recent travellers, these renowned "Caucasian gates" reminded me of the Finstermüntz. Here was the Dariel defile, and the Russian fortress appeared crouching among the mighty piles of mountain, which seemed to close the way both behind and before. The tumbling of the Terek, fresh from glaciers and snows, was the only sound. We were

nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and the nearer heights seemed at a similar distance from us. Before Kasbek station was in sight, a brilliant snow-top suddenly caught the eye through a cleft on the right, the veritable summit which Englishmen had been the first to reach, and it was from that station that Mr. Freshfield's party had started for their celebrated ascent of the mountain two years before.

The better view from the station itself was clouded, and the weather became dull as we passed the Krestovna Gora (Cross Mountain), the received boundary between Europe and Asia, and the watershed between the Terek and the Aragva. Trotting down a long series of zigzags, we made a sort of Spügen descent to the Georgian valley. The old local names, full of consonants, were samples of the hard-to-be-pronounced language of the country, and culminated in the perhaps unsurpassed monosyllable Mtskhet, the last station before Tiflis.

More population, mown grass fields, and a large breadth of tillage, were a contrast to rough uplands and their wild people, to half-cultivated steppe with untidy natives or Kozak colonists. The afternoon's ride was picturesque; basalt cliffs rose from the river, and there were neat *áúls* overhung with trees and surrounded with little fresh corn-stacks. The evening shed a golden and then a rosy glow on the wooded slopes which farther on encircled Pasanur. Behind our quarters, there was a specimen of the ancient Georgian fortress church, with the short conical roof of masonry. In another direction stood a bran new wooden Russian church, its bright colours staring at every comer. A rugged street was lined with cabarets and shanties.

The scenery of the next day was less interesting, the hills lower, and the country generally brushy. The ride was stopped at Mtskhet with the news that nineteen post-horse orders (*padarojnias*) were waiting already; so, instead of reaching Tiflis soon after noon, we dawdled nine hours at the post-house and finished the journey in pitch dark, entering the city at midnight.

At Mtskhet it rained so as to prevent my seeing anything of the curious village (quondam capital of Georgian princes) or of the rather inviting ruins of an ancient castle on the hill which rose from the opposite bank of the Kúr. This stream, descending from the west, passes close by the post-house, near to which it joins the Aragva, then proceeds to Tiflis, and eventually reaches the Caspian. I killed time in watching the travellers, their baggage and

equipages, and sometimes succeeded in passing a few remarks, many being educated men, officers of a regiment then en route from a camp in the southeast to Vladikavkaz. The drain on the stables of the post was great, and the trains of *impedimenta* which we had met belonging to this force had almost blocked the road, especially when a wheel was off, that common occurrence in Russia.

Later in the evening came the process of shifting the mails from one waggon to another. Well, our turn came at last, sure enough, five horses at a good trot. We could see nothing except that there was nothing particular to be seen. At the end of a long stage we gradually found ourselves in a wide Russian street, with petroleum lamps glimmering across it; very long it was, but a short turn at the end of it brought us to the "Hotel Europe." There was the very best of quarters, bed and board. Host and hostess Barberon made everything satisfactory, though it was after midnight.

From The Spectator.

#### THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IF the statement made by the *Telegraph* on Tuesday about Delagoa Bay is true, the German Chancellor has made another hit, and Lord Kimberley will have business on his hands of a very important kind. The statement is that the German Government either have purchased or are about to purchase the Portuguese settlements in Delagoa Bay, which would give them the sovereignty over any regions in that corner of Southern Africa not already in the possession of European Powers, and there are several *prima facie* reasons for believing the report. The Germans, in the first place, would like a colony within a semi-tropical climate very much indeed. The Parliament of Berlin has repeatedly expressed a desire for one, and the Emperor himself is believed to be strongly moved by the vast loss which, as he considers, Germany sustains by the annual emigration to America, a movement which he vainly attempts to check by raising the railway fares and decreeing loss of status to all who avoid military duty. If he could divert this emigration to a colony of his own, it would seem to him less burdensome, more especially as colonies, in the opinion of all Continental statesmen, bring with them ships and commerce to the mother country. The selection of Delagoa Bay as the point of settlement, on the other hand, is probably due to three con-

siderations. One is that the harbour is a splendid one, and situated almost precisely in the middle of the ordinary route for sailing ships bound to China and the far East, a part of the globe in which many Germans think they have reversionary interests. A second is that behind the Bay lies a vast stretch of habitable country, in which colonization might go on to an almost indefinite extent; and a third, and most important of all, is that the Bay is a natural point of entrance from the outside world to the territories claimed by the Boer or Free Dutch States. These States have repeatedly expressed an inclination to seek support in Europe, and two years ago despatched agents or envoys to make inquiries both at the Hague and in Berlin,—inquiries which were noted at the time by the Colonial Office. Our quarrel with them about the diamond-fields which, they claimed as conquerors of the Basutos, did not diminish this readiness, which may have resulted in formal offers of allegiance to the German Emperor. If these have been made, and have been favourably regarded, then the possession of Delagoa Bay gives the German Government an immense and fertile territory, partly people already by men who know it well; who can, with a little assistance defend it against all native assaults, and who accept the new dominion with willing and unforced submission. From the Bay down to Natal, to the North as far as he pleases, and to the West as far as he can penetrate, Frederick William may be lord of a splendid domain, at least as large as England, in which white men can work, and plant, and develop, as the Dutch settlers have done, all the physical qualities of Kentuckians. Where Dutchmen have thriven, Germans can thrive. There is no bigger, or braver, or, if Colonial despatches may be trusted, more cruel man on earth than the free Dutch settler of South Africa, who, if this report is correct, will be shortly in correspondence with our Government of the Cape in the new character of subject of the great German Empire. As the native is pretty certain to try to play off the new Government against our own, as the Boer is savage at English interference with his slaves, and English claims to "his" diamond-fields, and as the German wherever he is struggles hard for all he deems his right, it will be well if our Colonial Office is awake, if boundaries are made pretty distinct, and if we devise for the two Colonial Governments some policy on which they may dwell side by side in peace. We should fight hard for Canada, but we do not want two Canadas on our

hands, or the chance of having to resist forays in which German troops took part, and in which the sympathies of our own subjects might by possibility be divided. It is one thing to govern South Africa when we are alone on the continent, and quite another thing to let it govern itself when on its remotest frontier stands a jealous, exacting, and extremely powerful European State.

The Colonial Office will not like its new task or this consequence of its silent annexations, but there is, if Delagoa Bay has been sold, no means of avoiding a movement which, however inconvenient to ourselves, is distinctly beneficial to the world. If the Germans have the courage and the capacity and the numbers to colonize South-Eastern Africa on any great scale, their enterprise is one to be welcomed by every lover of humanity. They will but take their proper place in the colonization, as they have long assumed it in the investigation of the world. Their people make splendid colonists everywhere, and have a full right to try if they cannot establish a colony for themselves, a country whither their surplus numbers may resort, carrying with them the special civilization, the language, the manners, and perhaps the political organization of the Fatherland. A German nation in South Africa would be a lever with which to extinguish the barbarism of one-half that continent. The work is far too great for us to do alone, even if we were ready to attempt it, and there have not been of late years many signs that we are at all so ready. Of all our temperate Colonies, the Cape has been the one in which we have least succeeded. It has never attracted emigrants who have preferred the less strange life of Australia, Canada, or the United States, and after a possession of sixty years, we have still but 120,000 white subjects in South Africa, of whom only a part are British subjects by descent or birth. At our present rate of advance, it would take centuries to build in South Africa a great self-supporting State like the Canadian Dominion, and nothing as yet suggests that the rate of increase will in our times be materially accelerated. The discovery of gold in large quantities might do it, but certainly nothing else would, and even the discovery of gold might not deflect the great streams of population now flowing from Europe to America and the Pacific colonies. People are afraid of the very word "Africa," and New Zealand rises faster in a year than South Africa in a decade. We have not exactly failed, because as colonizers we never do fail; but we certainly have not

succeeded sufficiently to make the means of indefinite expansion in the future either indispensable or valuable to our dominions in that quarter of the world. There is more land to be settled, more work to be done, more mineral wealth to be utilized within our own frontier than we shall see the end of in centuries, and to resist or even criticise a German colonization of territories not yet ours, merely because they may some day march with ours, would be to play the dog in the manger without even the excuse of far-sighted precaution. The case does not in any way resemble of Pondicherry. Germany could only have asked for that colony with the intention of creating a dominion which could only be created at our expense, but we lose nothing in the settlement of Delagoa except our isolation and a future possibility of claiming more territory than, as far as observers can see, we shall ever need. There is no ground for resistance, or even, while we are strong at sea, for apprehension.

There is just one possibility which might make the transfer of Delagoa Bay very annoying to Natal, and even to settlements farther South, and this remains to be considered. The Bay might be turned into a penal settlement, a change which would probably ruin the colony of Natal, or compel it to pass laws in which the Imperial Government might find constant cause of offence. Such an intention would be most annoying, unless the settlement were confined to military convicts, but it would not, that we see, offer any just ground for more than a temperate remonstrance. There has been a sort of tacit agreement among the nations of the world that penal settlements shall be established only in islands whence egress can be prevented, but this has not been observed in the French colony of Cayenne, and is not a rule upon which any power has any right to insist. That the people of Natal will be annoyed it is only natural to suppose, for the people at the Cape all but rebelled twenty years ago on less provocation; but there are no means of giving their annoyance any concrete expression, and they must, if this be the intention, accept the result of their geographical position. We should fain hope, however, that this design does not enter into German plans — though we have noted for years in Russia, Italy, and France a spread of the idea that transportation is the best alternative for death — and that Germany, if she enters Africa at all, intends to increase instead of diminishing the area of civilized government and colonization.